

MERRY ENGLAND.

OCTOBER, 1894.

Mrs. Lyne Stephens.

THE death of Mrs. Lyne Stephens, of Lynford Hall, Norfolk, at the advanced age of eighty-two, recalls many memories of a strangely varied career. Remembered by the older generation of play-goers as Marie Louise Duvernay, the once unrivalled operatic dancer, she was known by the younger generation only as the wife of Mr. Lyne Stephens, a wealthy banker and member of Parliament, who, dying, left her a large fortune, which she has spent freely in works of charity—devoting some £80,000 to the church at Cambridge served with so much zeal and distinction by Canon Scott. “The Catholic Church,” says one of her biographers, “loses a generous supporter by her death.” But that is just what it does not, as anyone will say who reads the provisions of her will, with the munificent endowments for Catholic charities.

The daughter of the late M. Jean Louis Duvernay, she was born in France, but came at an early age to England, and made her first appearance in public in 1833, in the ballet of “The Sleeping Beauty,” at Drury Lane Theatre. Three years later she introduced to the British public the popular dance with castanets known as the “Cachuca”; and for one or two seasons she divided the public favour with Taglioni and Fanny Elssler.

She retired from the stage in the zenith of her fame in 1845, on her marriage with Mr. Lyne Stephens, of Lynford Hall, Norfolk, who left her a widow in 1861. Mrs. Lyne Stephens had at one time a mansion in the Champs Elysées, and was well known in Parisian society. Her early connexion with the stage, however, had well-nigh faded away from the memory of her friends. With the public, however, the memory lingers; and one Catholic contributor to the *Pall Mall Gazette* has made the revival of interest in Mdlle. Duvernay the occasion of a sort of meditation in print upon the portraiture of a past generation, comparing it unfavourably with the portraiture of later times—of which our frontispiece is a beautiful specimen.

For Mrs. Lyne Stephens was painted by M. Carolus Duran in her later years. The portrait is full of repose and life, simple and complete, painted with that kind of fundamental finish that gives unity and prevents the dulness of a line. "I wish," said he who showed the picture, "that you could have seen a portrait of her in her days of beauty." The regret, no doubt, was true to the life. But almost immediately afterwards appeared in one or two newspapers the reproductions of early prints of Mdlle. Duvernay, than which our portrait by Carolus Duran is far lovelier. So rated, decidedly the lady's days of beauty, as recorded in the art of her lifetime, would seem to have been the days of her old age. Large eyelids and broad brown eyes far apart, and a face falling, in the relaxation of age, somewhat into the square forms—the horizontal effects—so much commoner in France than in England, prove a physique quite unlike that of the silly convention of these dancing portraits. Even in youth and in complete erectness there could have been nothing to suggest the giraffe neck, for instance. No, a woman unlucky enough to be young in the time when such things as these early Duvernay prints were done, and to have grown old before the time of Carolus Duran, must needs have her May-day vulgarised past retrieving.

Every life seems greatly lengthened that happens to bridge over complete changes in ideas, habits, manners, or in the aspect of the world. It was an enormous thing to begin your life before Raphael and to finish it after him, to begin before the Addisonian group and to end after them; but it was also much to begin in all the gay dignity of powder, and to be landed full in the commonplace—the bonnets and crinolines—of John Leech and the first International Exhibition, or, like Mdlle. Duvernay, to dance in that strange front hair of bands pulled out upon the cheeks, and to sit still in a white fringe under folds of black lace, to be painted by such a pencil.

It is not easy to understand how, with the better past always accessible and evident, any civilisation should have come to such silly corruption as is proved by the anatomy, action, attitude, dress, and ideal of beauty in these foolish old ballet-portraits. There never were such dregs since the decline of antique art.

They did not seem able to use their eyes accurately, to say nothing of intelligence. Look, for example, at the popular illustration of the visit of the Queen and the Prince Consort to Louis Philippe in 1843. The designer has put all the heads of the feeble standing group—tall man and exceptionally short woman—upon almost exactly the same level. And no other age but that age could have invented the combination of a large cap, clothing the whole back of the head and the ears, and meeting under the chin, with *décolletage*, as it appears in this same illustration.

Perhaps the fact that the ballet flourished best in those same days may account for one's distrust of its very prettiness. Some prettiness there certainly is. The fiction of tip-toe dancing is that the body is buoyant, as though the air were water, and this idea is traditional. Hamlet held it; and it is the commonplace of fairies. There is enough suggestion of it in a fine figure, with a great chest capacity, to give the idea dignity and life. And a

very expert ballet-dancer rebounding from her pointed toe makes a pretty illusion. But it is an illusion, and cannot have the beauty of a dance that makes use of human conditions and of the mere human strength of the body.

The power of the foot is violated in this dancing. Its elasticity and spring are destroyed by a rigid effort, and all the use of the clinging sole is gone. Little as we are accustomed to see the foot of any kind of dancer at ease upon the ground, heel and all, this should, undoubtedly, be an occasional attitude in the dance ; the dancer should rise thence on the ball of the foot for a spring, and this is the nearest to tiptoe that the natural foot can attain to. The tiptoe of the ballet is a pretty fancy for creatures that do not need "earth-confiding feet"; but feet have a beauty in their necessity and in their limitations. The beauty of the ballet attitude is not human. Nor is it possible to ignore the painful effort undergone before this violence can be accomplished with a smile ; and if it were possible, the abrupt action of the muscles of the leg, softened as it is by the silk, would give the disillusion.

In a word, the Italian ballet came to us out of that time of dregs, and its grace is a corrupt following of Raphael. Seeing it at its best, in Milan, you are almost persuaded that it is lovely; and this impression is so much increased by the recent vulgarising of steps, skirts, and draperies that you are on the point of calling the ballet classic. But that is partly a result of early recollection. We should not allow ourselves to think the horizontal petticoats, and the shortened figure, and the rigorous foot to be in any considerable sense beautiful. The curious thing is that they should by so many years have survived crinoline. Since the long petticoat ceased to be charming when it bulged, why did the short petticoat continue to stand out? When the ballet skirt was invented, children in full dress wore something very like it, yet children have not continued it. In its longer form the crinoline is to be found precisely as it was on the little

altars of village churches in Italy. It was put, in brocade and gold, on many a Madonna there in the mid-century, and it stays there now.

It has probably long been forgotten that the dance is, in its origin, a perfectly impulsive expression of gaiety. Almost all children, when they are still quite young, dance at hearing very good news; the steps may not be much, but there is the spring of the foot and the leap. A child so young as to be rather insecure of balance will even hold on to something safe with both hands rather than not express its delight with its feet. And this first motive of the dance had best be forgotten, so grotesque does the gravity of dancers in a ballroom look to those who remember it.

The obstacle to our getting the slightest idea as to the dances of other ages is the inability of the ordinary artists who have recorded them to present movement. For whatever the common art of design from life may have lost, it has gained motion. Look at these same dreadful prints of Mdlle. Duvernay, for instance. They have attitude—extremely ugly attitude—but no action whatever. An illustrator of to-day would, at least, give a sense of impetus and of direction. For lack of it these old ballet-portraits are hopelessly unconvincing. Not so with great artists and in other times. Botticelli's "Spring" and his "Venus" move, Titian's "Bacchus" leaps, his "Madonna" in Venice goes up heavenwards, here and there a cherub of the Roman school is really on the wing, and Guido's sun-god drives; but with the passing of the greater schools swiftness surely disappeared, until it was found again only the other day. And the perfectly bad art of recent times was more incapable of motion than of anything else—and was incapable of much.

It is obvious that portraiture had in the past, with very few exceptions, a motionlessness in harmony with the gravity and the candid deliberation of the hour and of the business in hand.

There was, on the part of the sitter, no kind of pretence of thinking of anything except the ceremony of sitting, and no attempt at the animation of fancies distracted from that ceremony. No Vandyck portrait looks alone or pretends unconsciousness. Later on, a false naturalism did make that attempt at wandering thoughts, and the result was too often mere triviality. Now, again, a naturalism, fresher and more expert, and simpler in intention, despite its learned ways, is intent upon painting the portraits of women.

Carolus Duran, Sargent, Boldini, and many a designer less highly placed who does his vivid work in black and white, have given to the figure in its light repose something of the thrill of the dance. The smile is on the wing, the foot is quick, the look is taking leave, and all is yet without restlessness, as an aspen is when there is no wind. The very drapery seems to yield to the breath of life, like the draperies of the Parthenon. Not such painters and designers as these have captured the great dancers in the pictures of their dancing. Duvernay and Taglioni doubtless had such original and personal grace as overcome that otherwise universal corrupt following of Raphael; but if they had, their draughtsmen were even worse than we know they were, and it is lamentable that the drawings should have remained.

The Garden of the Holy Souls.

3N Thy garden, in Thy garden, though the rain
 Fall, and the winds beat there,
 And they stand unsheltered, piteous, in the storm,
 They who were once so fair.

In Thy garden of the souls, where Thou art gardener,
 Thou Who wast once so mild,
 Now pruning down to naked stems and leafless
 The roses that ran wild.

Oh, Thy roses once waved in the wind so sweetly,
 Though thick with thorns beset;
 In the morning sunshine opening, and at evening
 With cool dews wet.

In Thy garden, where Thou walkest as a warder,
 How poor, how small they stand ;
 Yet once their beauty, to the hearts that loved them,
 Lighted the living land.

In Thy garden, where no smile of Thine is granted,
 Yet keep within Thy heart,
 A place in Paradise for these transplanted,
 Still with Thee where Thou art.

In Thy garden, in Thy garden, where Thy roses
 Without a thorn are sweet,
 And each poor branch in endless wreaths uncloses
 To kiss Thy feet !

H. E. HAMILTON KING.

A Welsh Itinerary.

“**T**HE Itinerary of Archbishop Baldwin through Wales, in the year 1188,” made by Giraldus de Barri, and translated into English by Sir Richard Colt Hoare, contains many curious and minute particulars respecting the state of the ancient Britons during the twelfth century. A journey through Wales was no joke at that period ; and nothing would have gained Archbishop Baldwin, whom he accompanied, the respect of the lawless chieftains whose territories he had to traverse, excepting the pious errand on which he was bent—to preach the recovery of Palestine.

Girald Barri was descended, by the father, from a noble Norman family, and, by the mother, from the ancient Welsh princes. He was born in 1146, at the Castle of Manorbry, in Pembrokeshire. Having acquired, with ease and rapidity, such learning as the times afforded, he was formally dedicated to the Church, in which he soon attained preferment. His first remarkable feat was when in the capacity of Legate to the Archbishop of Canterbury, he fairly combated and overcame—at least, for a season—the reluctance of the Welsh to pay disputed tithes of various kinds, particularly of cheese, which must then have been a considerable object in that country. He also signalised his zeal for the Church by suspending the aged Archdeacon of St. David’s, who would not mend his conduct in an important particular ; and this proved to Girald’s honour, and profit too ; for the Archbishop embarrassed him by naming him to the office and revenues of the suspended dignitary, burdened,

however, with a *modicum* of provision for his predecessor. In administering this new office, our historian had a contest with the Bishop of St. Asaph about the right of dedicating a church at Keri, a village on the frontiers of the Diocese of St. David's. The mode of contesting the point seems not to have been extremely different from that which two contending chieftains would have employed in disputing the title to a manor or lordship. Girald, learning that the Archbishop meant to steal a march upon him, hurried forwards, like an able general, to preoccupy the ground :

On the Saturday he despatched messengers to two princes of that country—Eineon Clyd and Cadwalhon—requesting them to send some trusty men of their families, provided with horses and arms, to assist him (if necessity required) in asserting the rights of the Church of St. David, as the Bishop of St. Asaph was reported to be attended by a strong body of men from Powys. He slept that night at Llanbist, and, on coming to Keri early on Sunday morning, found that two of the clergy, and partisans of the Bishop, had concealed the keys of the church ; these being at length found, the Archdeacon entered the church, and, having ordered the bells to be rung as a token of possession, he celebrated Mass with great solemnity. In the meantime, messengers arrived from the Bishop, ordering preparations to be made for the dedication of the church. Mass being concluded, the Archdeacon sent some of his clergy, attended by the Dean of the Province, to inform the Bishop, " That if he came to Keri as a neighbour and a friend, he would receive him with every mark of hospitality ; but, if otherwise, he desired him not to proceed." The Bishop returned for answer, " That he was coming in his professional capacity as Bishop of the diocese, to perform his duty in the dedication of the church." The Archdeacon and his clergy met the Bishop at the entrance to the churchyard, where a long dispute arose about the matter in question, and each asserted his respective rights to the church of Keri. To enforce his claims the more, the Bishop dismounted from his horse, placed his mitre on his head, and taking up his pastoral staff, walked with his attendants towards the church. The Archdeacon proceeded to meet him, accompanied by his clergy, dressed in their surplices and sacerdotal robes, who, with lighted tapers and up-raised crucifix, came forth from the church in

processional form. At length each began to excommunicate the other; but the Archdeacon having ordered the bells to be rung three times, as the usual confirmation of the sentence, the Bishop and his train mounted their horses, and made a precipitate retreat, followed by a great mob, and pelted with clods of earth and stones. This resolute conduct of the Archdeacon gained him the approbation of all present, and even of the Bishop himself, who was a fellow-student with him at Paris.

Bishops in those days gave their "approbation" easily, it seems.

The Chapter of St. David's chose Giraldus as Bishop when a vacancy took place. The Archbishop of Canterbury and his Suffragans made the same choice, and recommended him to the King for confirmation, praising highly his learning, probity, and spirit. But the King answered that learning, probity, and spirit were by no means recommendations to the Bishopric of St. David's, and Giraldus was kept out of the See. The Archdeacon was, notwithstanding, highly favoured by Henry II., at whose Court he resided for several years. He was even appointed preceptor to John, and added to the number of many learned and accomplished men whose unlucky lot it has been to superintend the education of weak and worthless princes. With Prince John, Girald Barri went as secretary to Ireland, where he composed the topography of that kingdom, a valuable and curious work. On his return, he recited his labours before a public audience at Oxford, where, contrary to the usage of the modern theatre, his lecture lasted three whole days, during which, more wisely differing from modern custom, the author rewarded the patience of his auditors by three hospitable feasts.

In the year 1187, King Henry having taken the cross, Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, was sent to preach up the Crusade through the country of Wales. Girald accompanied him; and though both laboured zealously, the oratory of the Archdeacon had, according to his own account, more effect than the authority and rank of his dignified companion. Indeed, if

we take the respectable testimony of one John Spang, Girald would have enlisted a whole Welsh congregation of many thousands at once, had he not fallen into the error of preaching to them in English, which they did not understand! The success of their mission was, however, very great. Women were everywhere seen struggling to withhold their husbands and sons from taking the fatal vow; and though these tears and entreaties withheld but a few from their purpose, yet Girald has collected all the vituperative reflections upon the fair sex which either sacred or profane authors afford. Besides the aversion from these "brats and wives," common to Girald Barry and all those persuasive persons who follow the recruiting service, he had also the happy art of turning even disappointment into service. A young man coming to join the Crusaders was waylaid and slain by his enemies. But the holy army was not weakened by his misfortune, for the pathetic exhortations of Girald and Baldwin wrought upon the *twelve* archers, who had murdered him, to take the cross, as the only expiation in their power for the slaughter. The mission completed, the Archdeacon exchanged his own pilgrimage to the Holy Land for the more peaceful occupation of repairing the Cathedral of St. David's at home, and of compiling his *Itinerary*.

Cleared from his vow to go to the Holy Land, Girald accompanied King Henry to France, during which expedition that monarch himself, many of his retinue, and almost all the personal attendants of our author, were carried off by an epidemic disorder. Here he had nearly suffered a loss of which only a studious scholar can estimate the amount. He had entrusted his baggage, containing important letters of recommendation, a large sum of money, and the MS. of his *Welsh Itinerary*, to a stranger, whom he had hired as his personal servant. In his journey towards the sea coast, this man was missing on the arrival of the Archdeacon at Abbeville, which gave rise to the following methodical reflections by Girald on his supposed loss:

First : The loss of his money was something, but moderate when compared with his other losses ; for money was oftentimes lost, and oftentimes recovered.

Second : The loss of the Earl's letters, and of his own appointment as Legate in Wales, was still greater ; but as he knew the purport of them, he could, by similar letters from the justiciary, obtain some kind of redress.

Third : The loss of his journals was by far the most severe, and, indeed, irreparable, the book not being as yet published. *Non edito, sed edendo.*

But the reappearance of his domestic, with all his baggage safe and untouched, drew from him the observation : " that God oftentimes inflicts with heavy tribulations those whom He loves and guides ; and at the moment when they are in the greatest distress, shows Himself propitious and near at hand."

When Richard Cœur de Lion departed for the Holy Land, he honoured our author with the situation of coadjutor to William de Long Champ, Bishop of Ely, Regent of the kingdom. In this situation he might have attained either the Bishopric of Bangor or of Llandaff, but having fixed his heart on that of St. David's he declined both. At length, on the death of the aged incumbent, he was again recommended as a fit candidate for his favourite see. But his powerful connexions, as a descendant of Welsh princes, were deemed an unsurmountable obstacle to his attaining the only preferment which he appears to have ever coveted ; and a sort of double return took place. Both Bishops-elect appealed to the Pope ; and Girald, pleading his cause before him in person, presented Innocent III. with his works, with this punning compliment : " *Præsentarunt vobis alii libras, sed nos libros.*" His adversary, whose pounds, on the other hand, Girald says, preponderated over his books, won the day. From this period he was involved in disputes with the See of Canterbury and with the Court, although probably the persecutions which he underwent have not been softened in his own account of them. At length, wearied out with the contest, he resigned his Archdeaconry and Church preferments in favour of his

nephew, Philip de Barri, to whom he was often accustomed to apply the verse :

Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque labore,
Fortunam ex aliis—

Girald afterwards lived in retirement, from which he refused to emerge, even when the Bishopric of St. David's, so long the object of his ambition, was at length offered to him. He died at St. David's, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and lies buried in the Cathedral church. The character of this learned and zealous historian is thus summed up by the English translator of his work :

Noble in his birth, and comely in his person ; mild in his manners, and affable in his conversation ; zealous, active, and undaunted in maintaining the rights and dignities of his Church ; moral in his character, and orthodox in his principles ; charitable and disinterested, though ambitious ; learned though superstitious : such was Giraldus. And in whatever point of view we examine the character of this extraordinary man—whether as a scholar, a patriot, or a divine—we may justly consider him as one of the brightest luminaries that adorned the annals of the twelfth century.

We next arrive at Giraldus's own journal of his travels through Wales, when preaching the Crusade, under the auspices of Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury. Every day's journey is strictly measured out ; and the accidents by flood and field, the detention at ferries, and the lack of guides, are piteously detailed. Yet some of Girald's topographical descriptions are also minutely made ; and perhaps we cannot select a more favourable specimen than the noted account of the Abbey of Llanthoni, as the translator spells the name :

In the deep vale of Ewyas, which is about an arrow-shot broad, encircled on all sides by lofty mountains, stands the Church of St. John the Baptist, covered with lead, and an arched roof of stone ; and, considering the nature of the place, not unhandsomely constructed, on the very spot where the humble chapel of David the Archbishop had formerly stood, decorated

only with moss and ivy. A situation truly calculated for religion, and more adapted to canonical discipline than all the Monasteries of the British Isle. It was founded by two hermits, in honour of the retired life, far removed from the bustle of mankind, in a solitary vale watered by the river Hodeni. From Hodeni it was called Lanhoden, for Lan signifies an ecclesiastical place. This derivation may appear far-fetched, for the name of the place in Welsh is Nanthoden. Nant signifies a running stream, from whence this place is still called by the inhabitants Landewi Nanthoden, or the Church of St. David upon the river Hodeni. The English, therefore, corruptly call it Lanthoni, whereas it should either be called Nanthoden, that is, the brook of the Hodeni, or Lanhoden, the church upon the Hodeni. Owing to its mountainous situation the rains are frequent, the winds boisterous, and the clouds in winter almost continual. The air, though heavy, is healthy; and diseases are so rare that the brotherhood, when worn out by long toil and affliction during their residence with the daughter, retiring to this asylum and to their mother's lap, soon regain their long wished for health: for, as my topographical history of Ireland testifies, in proportion as we proceed to the eastward, the face of the sky is more pure and subtile, and the air more piercing and inclement; but as we draw nearer to the westward the air becomes more cloudy, but at the same time is more temperate and healthy. Here the Monks, sitting in their cloisters, enjoying the fresh air, when they happen to look up towards the horizon, behold the tops of the mountains as it were touching the heavens, and herds of wild deer feeding on their summits; the body of the sun does not become visible above the heights of the mountains, even in serene weather, till about the first hour or a little before. A spot truly fitted for contemplation, a happy and delightful spot, fully competent, from its first establishment, to supply all its own wants, had not the extravagance of English luxury, the pride of a sumptuous table, the increasing growth of intemperance and ingratitude, added to the negligence of its patrons and Prelates, reduced it from freedom to servility; and if the step-daughter, no less enviously than odiously, had not supplanted her mother.

This rival step-daughter, founded at Gloucester under the patronage of Milo Earl of Hereford, was originally a cell of the mother-church of Llanthony, in Wales. Sir Richard Hoare, in his notes, gives us an animated picture of the charity by

which the foundation was dictated, as well as of the reluctance with which Robert de Betun, originally Prior of Llanthony, compelled to abandon that solitary and romantic spot, sought preferment in a more safe and wealthy, but less interesting country. This Robert de Betun had been created Bishop of Hereford in 1129, having been the second Prior of the Monastery of Llanthony :

Robert de Braci was the third Prior of this Abbey ; during his time the peace and tranquillity of this religious establishment was so completely destroyed by the continual incursions and depredations of the neighbouring Welsh that the residence became insupportable ; he applied to Robert de Betun, his predecessor, for advice and relief on behalf of his distressed brethren. Many other particulars concerning Robert de Betun may be found in his life, written by William de Wycumb, Prior of Lanthoni, and printed by Warton in his "Anglia Sacra," from which I shall select another anecdote as relating to the Convent of Lanthoni. On his promotion to the See of Hereford he is said to have quitted his retirement with reluctance ; and, on reaching the summit of the Hatterel Hills, and looking back to the sanctuary he had left, he burst into a flood of tears, and could with difficulty be removed from the spot ; his steady partiality and affection to the Community of which he was once a member were amply exemplified by his generous and charitable conduct towards it during the period of its distress.

But though topographical inquiries are worth attention, because they often tend to confirm or disprove the details of history, yet, when remote from the scene of action, we must admit that we are more deeply engaged by what relates to the state of human manners than by the mere facts that the Church of St. Germain is situated "three or four miles from Rhayader, in Radnorshire, on the right-hand side of the road, from thence to Llanniddloes" ; or that the two castles, newly erected on the Traeth Mawr, are "one called Deudraeth, belonging to the sons of Conan, situated in Evionyth, towards the northern mountains ; the other named Carn Mardryn." Our attention, therefore, is principally engaged by the numerous traits of Welsh manners

with which Girald has diversified his journal. Among the customs which he has thus preserved can be distinguished many which are still common in Scotland. The strange kind of divination practised by inspecting the blade-bone of a sheep is not even now entirely worn out in the Highlands. The cloth made by the Welsh for their garments was called *breachan*; and the same name is, in old balled poetry, given to the Highland tartan :

He turned him right and round about,
And rowed him in his *breachan*;
And laid him down to sey a sleep,
I' the Lawlands o' Buleighan.

The curious account given by Sir Richard of the Druidical ceremonies observed on the 1st of November, immediately recall to a Scotsman the sports of Hallow-E'en :

The autumnal fire is still kindled in North Wales, being on the eve of the 1st day of November, and is attended by many ceremonies; such as running through the fire and smoke, each casting a stone into the fire, and all running off at the conclusion to escape from the black short-tailed sow; then supping upon parsnips, nuts, and apples; catching up an apple suspended by a string with the mouth alone, and the same by an apple in a tub of water; each throwing a nut into the fire: and those that burn bright betoken prosperity to the owners through the following year, but those that burn black and crackle denote misfortune. On the following morning the stones are searched for in the fire, and if any be missing they betide ill to those who threw them in.

The burning of nuts is mentioned at great length by Burns, as in universal observance in Scotland, though the augury is, by him, limited to love affairs. The ducking for apples, and snatching at them when suspended, are still common practices. The passing-bell, mentioned as having been formerly used in Wales, is, or at least was, within these last few years retained in some parts of Scotland. The beadle went before the coffin, alternately ringing a small handbell, and reciting part of a psalm.

In the last part of his work, which is a description of Wales, Giraldus gives us two formal and distinct treatises on the good and bad qualities of his countrymen. These run very much into each other. For example, we learn from the first, that the Welsh were the most sober and abstemious of men, when living upon their own account ; but from the second that they amply indemnified themselves when they had an opportunity of feeding free of cost. In the first, they are praised for the dauntless courage with which they exposed their naked bosoms to the spears of the mailed Normans ; in the second, censured for their dishonourable custom of flying when steadily opposed. Among their virtues is enumerated that of continence ; among their vices, a bad habit of marrying their cousins-german ; and, finally, Giraldus, as an Englishman, gives his advice how Wales may be best subdued and governed, while, as a Welshman, he instructs his countrymen, in a separate chapter, how they may best rebel against the Saxon domination. There can be, however, little doubt, that, in his heart, he was a true Welshman, as is evident from the conclusion of his work :

The English, I say, fight in order to expel the natural inhabitants from the island, and secure to themselves the possession of the whole ; but the Welsh maintain the conflict, that they, who have so long enjoyed the sovereignty of the whole kingdom, may at least find a hiding-place in the worst corner of it, amongst the woods and marshes ; and, banished, as it were, for their offences, may there in a state of poverty, for a limited time, perform penance for the excesses they committed in the days of their prosperity. For the perpetual remembrance of their former greatness, the recollection of their Trojan descent, and the high and continued majesty of the kingdom of Britain, may draw forth many a latent spark of animosity, and encourage the daring spirit of rebellion. Hence, during the military expedition which King Henry the Second made in our days against South Wales, an old Welshman at Pencadair, who had faithfully adhered to him, being desired to give his opinion about the Royal army, and whether he thought that of the rebels would make resistance, and what would be the final event of this war, replied, " This nation, O King, may now, as in former

times, be harassed, and in a great measure weakened and destroyed by your and other powers, and it will often prevail by its laudable exertions ; but it can never be totally subdued through the wrath of man, unless the wrath of God shall concur. Nor do I think that any other nation than this of Wales, or any other language, whatever may hereafter come to pass, shall in the day of severe examination before the Supreme Judge answer for this corner of the earth."

A. C. OPIE.

A little more about Lobelia.

3 HAVE before referred to my little friend, now four years old, known in these pages as Lobelia: twice have I endeavoured to describe her: the subject has, however, been too much for me: the greatness of my theme has been the measure of my failure. It has been as though I had filled a toy bucket from Atlantic breakers, and had in helplessness allowed the undiminished tide to ebb away to fill the Gulf of Mexico or to fight the current of the Orinoco. It was flood tide the other day when, with her small hand, Lobelia clasped my immense finger and ordered me whither she chose. She took me to a library where, with the aid of two chairs, she made me pose as the fatuous and substantial eidolon of the master of a household. Then her labours began. The ways of a housemaid appeared to be the inspiration which moved all her actions. I was there to receive visitors; she was there to toil and to keep them away. Her idea of work consisted in carefully fixing, by the aid of vigorous gum, various articles to the bare floor boards; when these, by lapse of time, had become thoroughly set, it would, it seemed, become her duty to somehow sweep them away. In the meantime, her confederates began to knock at the door and to imitate the twitter of an electric bell. Lobelia continued to work, at intervals tunefully shouting to the visitors to wait a minute.

Meanwhile, with but slight interruption, this *ancilla minima* pursued her pasting process. Whether her tactics were founded upon an acute observation of modern life, or were based merely upon an early appreciation of the futility of most things, it is

impossible for me to say. With a fine persistence she worked at the unhappy floor and kept the visitors at bay : that they should enter unannounced would be a violation of etiquette : to allow them to come in at once would be an insult to her usefulness. In the humorous lapses of her exertions Lobelia took the opportunity of explaining to me the meanings of her eyes : I had to confess to myself that this was a subject which, by some strange forgetfulness, I had in my previous descriptions of her neglected. Not that her method of instruction was directly didactic : its nature was more that of an object lesson. I had often noticed her attitudes, more especially those of her head and neck ; there had been about them—to leap into another sense for an instant—an exotic fragrance, a far brought savour as of spikenards, and of Persian preparations, and of cinnamon, and of Asian musks, and of sandal woods elaborated. It was now for me to learn how these innate poses were illuminated, vitalised, transformed by her eyes. The moods of her eyes are even more varied than the attitudes of her head ; for the attitude may be sometimes negative, but positive are the eyes always.

Some may have seen Sirius, about the time of the solstice, bickering with an inner light coruscating from his inexhaustible centre, as though reflected light were a myth and essential fire, the only wear for stars. Sometimes do the eyes of Lobelia remind me of him. There are tarns on the High Peak ; the climber sees the shadow of a sighing breeze cross their solitary surfaces ; their brown depths are eyelashed with tremulous heather ; somehow thus are the eyes of Lobelia touched rarely with a fleeting melancholy. At times Lobelia condescends to a skirt-dance ; the modern cloud—the real inventor of chiffon—imitates her ; I have seen, above the great Lincolnshire plain, the clouds trail their deep-white luminous draperies in rhythmic movement to the wind. As the sun was their illumination in their delights, so do the eyes of Lobelia make brilliant her own

dances. Once in a way you can enter the precincts of these small orbs, there to find prophetic corridors dim with tapestries of delightful things to be : scene of triumph, of golden roses with purple garmented bearers, and of admiring lovers, who seem to—

Holloa her name to the reverberate hills,
And make the gabbling gossip of the air
Cry out, "Lobelia."

Shakspere wrote Olivia ; strange to say, that is her other name. Her humour shall ever keep her spirit insulate and inviolate, so that stupidities shall fall back like beaten waves under the light of those eyes which are the pharos of her wit. To me she is the measurer of time before the moon : for to be with her is overplus of radiant hours. She is also the giver of largess ; for to dwell in her good grace is to be richer than to own all the silver cinctured sanctuaries of Spain.

BERNARD WHELAN.

Confession: a Tale of Conscience.

X.

THE genius and that strong persistence that formed so solid a foundation for it in Philibert's character had carried him through seven years of sound official work, had gained him some strong friends and more than one acknowledged enemy, before his thoughts turned towards England with any intention of renewing his old ties. At the end of that time an extended frontier, an efficient system of police, the confidence of the natives in British rule, the opening of a railway, the employment of telegraphic communication along an ably designed network of roads, made Brunoland resemble rather an old colony than a recently reclaimed annexation. Colonel Miller, working on military principles from a strong base by forward ramifications, had left every mile of ground settled behind him as he advanced ; and his system had been so exact, and so regularly progressive, it was only when judged of by the changes it had worked that any idea could be gained of the amount of labour his government had expended. Colonel Miller, however, with the strong common sense that guided his energy, combined a knowledge of the world that stood him in excellent stead in his home relations. He contrived to keep the Colonial Office interested in his command, while in his brief visits to England he continued his work for the country in another form. From one of these he had recently returned with additional rank in the Order of which he had been Companion, and a

promise of attention to any recommendations for rewards that he should submit in favour of his subordinates.

Philibert had thought the occasion ripe for an application for absence ; it had been granted, and a date fixed for his sailing, when an important communication from home changed both the drift of his intention and the routine of his work. A scheme had been drafted for the consolidation of the government of a neighbouring and older colony with that of Brunoland, a scheme that looked so well on paper, and sounded so well in the ears of a Parliamentary Committee bent upon economy in details, that it was pressed forward with unusual vigour, and ultimately carried out with little modification from the original form of the draft. There was, however, a long interval of opposing efforts, inspired by local jealousy, by injured precedence or official prescription ; and, despite concession and reconsideration, it was fully two years from Sir Frederick's receipt of the first intimation of the change before Brunoland figured in official statements as a Lieutenant-Governorship attached by slight bonds of red tape to the smaller, older, and less geographically important State of Gardenia. Sir Frederick Miller transferred his head-quarters and his staff to the capital of Gardenia, where he gained in precedence ; but he had diplomatically peopled Government House and its offices with men trained in his own school of policy before vacating Brunoland, an exercise of patronage that his former services procured him. It was therefore as Lieutenant-Governor of a practically independent colony that Philibert Rayner revisited England after little less than ten years' absence, in the height of a season that succeeded an early Easter.

Decades of time vary as much from each other in the amount of change they cover as in the speed or slowness with which they seem to travel. To Philibert, returning home after a space of time that had appeared twice its length in the fulness of its work and the wide steps of its progress, home scenes and habits seemed to be unaltered. The faces even of his contem-

poraries, except in rare cases, had aged but slightly, and their customs and tastes had altered as little. His juniors, it is true, showed the course of time, but even they did not approach to his own level of change. His circumstances were unusual, and he was quoted without exception as hugely lucky; but it is more than a merely uncommon experience for one to feel himself to be entirely another man. Out in Brunoland he had been less aware of it; but his landing in England with new interests, new business, new introductions, and new engagements, gave him the impression of an elfin change.

And to others he seemed as different as to himself. Philibert Rayner had been young, zealous, free-handed, no great talker, but a man of action in sport or play. He had no more feared high stakes than he had shirked high fences, and was as keen in the late hours in town as he was in the early hours in the country. Now he was older than his years, regular in his habits, and with a certain formality in his manner that in a less well-bred man would have been stiffness. He had lost the habit of playing, and the idleness demanded by society was as much work to him as the hours he spent in committee-rooms or at his writing table. He had never been universally popular, for he had too much character and too much purpose underlying his *nonchalance*, but he found now that he had exchanged genial for civil welcome, and that his most affectionate greeting was a hand-shake. Would it be the same with country friends? he asked himself, and for a moment reconsidered the resolution he had made to avoid any renewal of association with The Hill; but the impulse to visit it was checked almost as soon as felt.

The house was still shut up, though Charles Rayner and his family spent the autumn months there. His father's death had followed closely upon Bell's marriage, which had taken place at Florence three or four years after Philibert's exile: Bell's home was in Scotland. But Bell had readily fallen in with Philibert's suggestion to meet him in London, and she and her husband

had come up early to embrace a part of his leave. Bell, however, found she had to be content to see little of him, and she soon allowed her own engagements to grow round her after her old pattern, so that Philibert's link with the past was slight.

It was on one of the rare occasions when they were alone together that a name was mentioned that made him lift his head as Bell had not seen him lift it before.

"I wonder if you remember Eva Shaw?" Mrs. McLeod had said as they sat alone at luncheon in her house. Bell was dressed for the afternoon, for which she had a succession of engagements, and only awaited the return of her husband to start upon the first—a Scotch ballad concert. It was barely half-past two, and Philibert was lighting a cigarette when letters were brought into the dining-room. Bell had glanced through two or three notes, and then paused at a longer letter before she made the observation.

"Is she in London?" Philibert asked.

"Passing through; she proposes to call on me to-morrow. Are you engaged?" added Bell, conscious of some unusual interest in her taciturn brother.

"Rather busy. I might look round late in the afternoon."

"Tea-time?"

"Say later; half-past six, perhaps. Shall you be at home?"

"I am afraid I can't be. What about the morning?"

"I must be in the City at twelve."

"And the next day?"

"Windsor."

"Ah, yes, Saturday, I remember. What time do you start from Paddington?"

"The train is 1.5."

"And you have to dress," mused Bell.

"I could be here at eleven on Saturday. Would that be too early for you—and Miss Shaw?"

"I can ask her," Bell said. "You would care to meet her then?"

"I must have a look at Donaldson's picture," Philibert returned without a direct answer. "Early would be a good time, though, and I could be round here for half-an-hour afterwards."

"Haven't you seen the 'Alpicius'?" Bell asked with a smile.

"Not yet; is it a good likeness?"

"*Good!*" Bell underlined the adjective by a strong emphasis and left it to express her entire opinion.

Philibert did not continue the subject, and Bell glanced again through her letters. She was about to leave the table when he took his cigarette from his mouth, and, looking meditatively at it as he held it between his fingers, asked :

"Have you seen much of Miss Shaw these last years?"

"Not for the last two or three—since her mother's death. Mrs. Shaw was an invalid for a long time, and since then Eva has been living chiefly with her cousins in Selshire. She has an independent fortune, and wanted to have a house in London; but she is young-looking for her age, and very gentle in manner, and everyone persuaded her against it, myself included. The last year she has been abroad with her aunt, Mrs. Trevanion, which is why her coming to me will be a new pleasure."

"Is she as—pretty as she was?" Philibert was still looking at his cigarette as he spoke.

Bell paused a moment. "She is just the same, with those sweet-looking eyes and the pretty colour. She lost that at one time, but when we last met she was looking just her old self."

Philibert rose. "Thanks, Bell," he said, "for your hospitality and your news; we shall meet on Saturday then."

He left the room and the house, and walked down Stanhope Street in a musing mood. Did he want to meet Eva? Yes. Would it be wise to meet her? No. How could it be wise to wake the love, lingeringly lulled to sleep, for a woman whom he had left with the look of terror on her face at his own confession, that had been for years his one re-

collection of it. Time had effaced it, for Bell had spoken of Eva as looking her old self ; what right had he to rouse it again, to call up the ghost of the old impression, to torment with the stain of sin and remorse the sympathetic tender heart of the woman he loved ? For her ? no ; but for himself—ah, for himself!

Philibert was in Hamilton Place now, and his thoughts necessarily became somewhat less consecutive as he turned into Piccadilly. For himself, yes. For what had his heart turned towards England during years of work ? Hardly for the sake of the home that he had left so eagerly ; hardly for the set out of which he had willingly dropped, for the business of his Government that might be deputed to another ; hardly, like the shrewd Sir Frederick, that he might keep his name aired in the hot atmosphere of official reception-rooms ; hardly for any of these—and yet what possible justification had he for attempting to revive in Eva's heart the feeling that had once been there, and that he had stabbed, perhaps—no, surely—to death. For himself, yes ; for her, no ; and the contest went on. There was one doubt. Would she meet him on Saturday ? Bell would mention his presence, she would know what she was coming to—would she come ? The doubt struck Philibert with a sudden blow. He stopped to bear it steadily, and turning, looked into the window of a shop, in which he saw nothing. Bell's mention of Eva's name had shown him himself and his hitherto unacknowledged intention, as he had not thought to see it. Everything was plain now ; but—if she would come, should he meet her ? He turned to move on, and as he did so a pile of luggage on the roof of a cab making its way slowly along the busy thoroughfare met his eye. The white lettering, " E. S.," on two of the boxes seemed familiar ; he looked below and saw, framed in the open window, and only half distinct against a moving background, the face of his thoughts. Should he meet her ? *Yes.*

Eva was unaware of Philibert's presence in England. She

had been abroad for some months with her mother's only sister the owner of a London house from which no influence but her doctor's was strong enough to exile her. Mrs. Trevanion had just returned to it with something of a child's anticipation at the opening of his holidays, and was prepared to enjoy the society of the coterie over which she exercised as strong an influence as Mrs. Shaw had done at Selsington, though in a different way. Her niece Eva, with her fortune, her docility, and the attractive manner that had not diminished with the increase of experience, fulfilled her ideal of a companion, although Eva disappointed her, as she had disappointed her mother, by her failure to marry. It was one of Mrs. Trevanion's greatest satisfactions on returning home, to think that she would be able to continue the intimacy with a young man introduced to her at Pau, to whom Eva had taken an apparent fancy, and in whose friendship, contrary to her usual habit, she had shown some pleasure. Rupert Merriman had made his wishes obvious, and Mrs. Trevanion was, for the first time, sanguine about her niece's settlement.

It was to please her, and somewhat against her own inclination, that Eva found herself on Saturday morning, as early as half-past ten o'clock, in the Academy rooms at Burlington House. She had received a note from Bell, changing the day for her proposed visit, and naming twelve o'clock on Saturday as the hour at which she would be free for a long interview, in words that made Eva's acceptance of the amendment unavoidable. She had read the lines a second time, wondering at this urgency; but, attributing it to Bell's wish for security from interruption, she had only grudged Mrs. Trevanion's insistence for her own scheme because of the possible hindrance to punctuality it might entail, and she entered upon her circuit of the rooms with the intention of doing her duty to Art on the line as perfunctorily as possible.

Rupert Merriman had met the ladies in the vestibule, and had assisted Mrs. Trevanion to secure a seat opposite to a picture in

the first room that she asserted required half-an-hour's undivided attention, before he moved away with Eva in some satisfaction at the circumstances in which he found himself.

"You are fond of pictures?" he asked, with little originality, and Eva had disappointed him by her reply.

"I'm afraid I am not; I only appreciate them when they come down to my level by association."

"Association?"

"Yes; I am rather fond of portraits, and I can enjoy an altar-piece with which I have grown familiar."

"Ah, I see. I know nothing about art myself, but I confess it comes home to me rather closer than that. I am fond of portraits too. As to altar-pieces, you must see Donaldson's new departure; I understand that, or something like it, is its destination."

"Donaldson's?" Eva's indifference left her suddenly. Her companion looked down at her with a smile.

"Ah, association?" he hazarded.

"I knew some of his portraits formerly."

"Well, this is a different thing. I understand you have got to praise or blame it as your taste suggests, and that you will be right with the critics either way so long as you are forcible enough. Shall we see if we can get to it? We ought to be early enough to see it comfortably, but there is always a crowd round it."

Early as it was the crowd had formed. Rupert led his companion to a seat in the middle of the room, and proposed to her to wait.

"But don't think it necessary to stay with me," Eva said as she took her place. "This picture will be enough for my zeal, and you will find me here when you come back."

Captain Merriman would have preferred remaining, but he was not sure that the suggestion was not intended as a dismissal, and he had no wish to risk misinterpreting it. He proceeded in

his view, while Eva, having looked at her watch, lent back upon the divan and let her thoughts take their course. They were with Bell, and through Bell with the past, when a fragment of conversation caught her ear. Two people had edged out of the crowd round Donaldson's picture and were standing near her.

"I am glad we have seen it," the lady said. "What a beautiful face it is; ideal though, hardly real, but it fits in with the story."

"And yet the likeness is excellent."

"Likeness? Whose? Is that a fact?"

"An absolute fact."

"No ordinary model, surely?"

"No; a friend, they say, of the painter's. I know the man by sight; he is a member of the 'Imperial.' I saw him in the room just now."

"And he is really as handsome as the picture makes him?"

"Nearly. I should fancy it is the same face when younger. The soldier of the painting gives an idea of youth. This man, Rayner, must be forty or more."

Eva started at the name.

A little crowd of people pressed past, eclipsing her former neighbours, but giving her a chance to approach the Donaldson. She took hasty advantage of it, and stood for a time in comparative comfort where the artist's model had himself stood only ten minutes before. Her first impulse had been to look round for Rupert Merriman; a moment later she was grateful for his absence.

Philibert Rayner was before her in the person of the *Prætor Alpicius* of the Dorothean legend. He stood in an attitude of charmed surprise, with the wonderful eyes lifted towards a descending figure. The picture was so real, so vivid, so skilfully toned, that the scent of the roses seemed to pervade the atmosphere, and the enthralled fascination of the Roman officer to be communicated to the spectator. Eva was spellbound. To her

the central figure was no ideal, it was the living Philibert of the past : Philibert at his best, his tenderest ; Philibert as she had known him ; Philibert as, despite the terror of their parting, he had returned to her, as a memory—perhaps a hope—for all her life to come.

“ You like it ? It is very wonderful, isn’t it ? ”

Rupert’s voice roused her from a trance that might have lasted minutes, or hours, Eva could not have told which, as she turned her eyes away from the painting and felt she was emerging into the world again from some region far remote.

“ Very, very wonderful,” she answered, with a sigh ; but she was hardly conscious what she said, nor how she found herself, a few minutes later, at Mrs. Trevanion’s side.

“ The heat has been too much for you,” she heard her aunt say ; and then she was given into Rupert’s charge again, to be taken downstairs and put into a cab.

“ You will be a little early in Stanhope Street,” Mrs. Trevanion said, “ but you can wait, can’t you, if Mrs. McLeod is out ? and I would not stay in these crowded rooms.”

Eva assented, but once alone, she directed the driver to put her down at Hyde Park Corner, from which she made her way on foot along the pathway that borders Park Lane towards her destination. The interval gave her time to collect herself, the more so that as she crossed into the street the sight of a hansom standing before Bell’s door, decided her to pace once or twice up and down short of the house, until it should drive away. Her back was turned to it when the house-door opened ; but she heard the sound, followed by that of a hastily-called address, the clatter of the closed apron, and the rattle of the starting wheels, and a moment after the vehicle passed her at a rapid pace. Eva turned again, went up to the house, and was admitted.

Bell came towards her with both hands outstretched in welcome.

"Oh, my dear!" she exclaimed, as she kissed her, "why could you not be more punctual? Philibert has this moment driven away, and he seemed really anxious to meet you."

Infallible Bell had made the mistake of an hour in her note of invitation.

XI.

TWELVE years had passed since Philibert Rayner, steaming down to Windsor in company with the favoured group of subjects who were to receive Her Majesty's accolade, had said to himself that the fair province he had served as his mistress should henceforth be his wife, that his wooing of Brunoland should end in a marriage to which he would devote unreservedly, without second thought or backward look, his talents, his name, and his honours. He had put Eva's memory of him, as he judged, to a fair test, and it had failed him. It would have been unnatural otherwise; he had said so to himself through long years, though until, as he believed, he had proved it, he was unaware how strong within him had been the underlying hope of a mistake. He was to say so again in the less frequent recurrence of the thought, but he no longer left the past to fade, but threw it away from him to wither to an unconsidered death. It was his last impulse, but it was strong with a dying strength, and it would have been difficult for anyone far more skilled than Philibert was in knowledge of his heart, to determine whether the impulse was one of pride or of humility—pride that would not give his humility the chance of pleading its cause before the woman who had turned from him, or humility that feared to indulge the proud hope that she could not really have forgotten her love for him. The impulse carried him out of England without another attempt to see or communicate with Eva, and through a series of years that seemed to a public which does not grudge men credit for

energy and skill, but that is inclined to underrate the qualities of judgment and of intellect, years of remarkable success.

The public, above the mob, is disinclined to believe in the greatness of a great man ; and Philibert, landing in England under the ægis of a recently acquired peerage, was regarded by the critics as an impersonation of luck. To the mob, however, he was the hero of the hour ; to society, a well-favoured idol ; not the less so that an impassive manner was easily construed as an outward expression of pride, and that both the crowd and its betters look for dignity in the object of their worship. Philibert's pride, however, was as little himself as his official uniform, and bore the same relation to his feelings as his title and the cordon of letters after it did to his Christian name—it was there for the use of the public. In reality, he was humble at heart. The lesson that Eva had taught him, if it was not just the lesson she meant to inculcate, had been taken home. Philibert had learned to look upon himself within through her terror-stricken eyes, undazzled by the light that his public successes attracted towards him from without. He relied on his own principle, his judgment, and understanding, but kept the sharper guard over his passions and his speech. His private life had been almost ascetic in its simplicity, while he had claimed for his official character all the dignity that he thought calculated to enhance his value as his Sovereign's representative. The distinction, however, was unrecognised by all who did not know him well ; while his suavity passed for coldness, and his formality for pride. He had come home on promotion to an important Southern Vice-royalty, to which he would willingly have proceeded straight from his latest government, held in succession to that of Brunoland, but that officialism required his presence for a time in England. Home, so called, offered little familiar to his past, and the loneliness of the summit had grown less strange to him than that of a crowd in which his sense of solitude was as real.

Bell was dead, as also her eldest brother, Charles. Lady Jane

Rayner, who had been a fast woman in her youth, and was still a restless one, ruled fitfully at The Hill, where her son's approaching majority was unlikely to affect her influence. Philibert had received a pressing invitation there on landing ; but Lady Jane's set was smart, and, feeling little inclination for the time-killing, pleasure-haunting, and possibly rowdy house parties, of which his visit would make him a member, he had postponed its acceptance on the ground of business.

The business was either pleasure or boredom, as its chief actor might judge. Philibert Rayner had been fond of society with a reaction towards solitude at rare intervals ; Lord Standragon, living much in public, had a craving for the absolute isolation of a solitary. On the surface it was an ungrateful desire, whilst intellect shone, and beauty smiled, and manner charmed, each its best, for the successful man who was bound to appreciate excellence's essence. Philibert appreciated it necessarily ; it was only that nothing penetrated the surface of his admiration, nothing in the world's show appealed to his heart.

If he had found a slight difference in outward circumstances on his first return, it was proportionately vast now ; his few relations had become acquaintances, and friendship had drifted aside into respect. The fault was his own, and he knew it ; but he was powerless to change the fact. It was useless also to think of the past.

And yet the past would sweep fitfully over his mind by force of old associations, in the morning canter, at a public school match, or, as now, carried on the breeze with an up-coming tide as his train steamed slowly across the bridge after its halt at Cannon Street Station. Philibert was on his way to Eastwich, for a function of the pattern that had grown familiar to him—his reception by a committee, speeches, his patronage of athletic sports, to be followed by the distribution of prizes and a loudly cheered departure. How home-like the breeze was, and how familiar the sight of the short, crisp ripples of the flowing tide.

Nothing looked like England, nothing felt like the old country, nothing smelt like her—after all, England was home to every one but himself ; and Philibert leaned forward as the train passed on to catch a corner-wise glimpse of the tossing wavelets, and to inhale again the easterly blast, with its sharpness and its freshness, and the faint smack of salt that rivers carry inland with them like a blessing.

Perhaps the incident coloured his speech unconsciously. He found himself glowing a little in his language, warming somewhat in the thanks he was giving for his reception. It was his plain duty to encourage starters in the race in which he had won a crown, not to tell them that bays are bitter and laurels poisonous, rather to remind them that both are evergreen. "It is customary on occasions like the present," he found himself saying in all honesty, "to express one's own feelings as being singularly happy ; but it is not a mere phrase of courtesy with me to-day when I say that here, looking upon you, as English men, here almost within sound of England's capital, within sight of her dome and of her spires, by the shore of her great waterway —our own old Thames—I feel under the impulse of your kind welcome as happy as the retrospection of a chequered life will allow. Custom would justify one in the phrase, 'this is the happiest moment of my life'—I should rather prefer to say that this is the—." There was a sudden pause. Lord Standragon's eye, as he withdrew it for a moment from the group of soldiers in embryo whom he was addressing, had lighted upon a face nearer to him, but, as he stood upon the platform, below his level, and now for the first time visible. For nearly ten seconds there was a profound stillness, such as the presence of numbers makes impressive ; people's hearts beat faster in an unexpected silence, and it is only broken by the attempt that is unconsciously made to prolong it.

A perception of its length crept over Philibert last of all the crowd. With an effort he raised his eyes again to the row of

boyish faces, and his speech unfroze upon his lips. "I would rather say," he repeated, "that it is one of those moments in which the labour and the waiting of the past is forgotten, swept away by the feeling, strong, satisfying, possession, of the actual present." He concluded with a repetition of his thanks, and bowed himself back into his seat after an address that was unexpectedly short, and not without abruptness in its conclusion. The cheering that followed it, however, was loud, and lengthened by an excitement that had taken hold of the audience. To some of them the pause had appeared as a calculated device, a trick of oratory, but more had caught the vibration in tones that had before been pitched low, and were only distinct through the clear utterance that gave a charm to Philibert's speaking. A touch of himself in a speaker appeals irresistibly to any audience, and his successors lost by Lord Standragon's momentary emotion, and failed to retain the interest of their public. It was with a sense of relief that it dispersed, sauntering through the grounds of the Institution until the more active part of the afternoon's programme should begin.

Almost the last to rise from her chair in the front row of the hall was the owner of the face whose unexpected presence had checked the course of Philibert's well-turned sentences. Eva Shaw was glad of any extra delay beyond the minutes that had been spent in closing the preliminary proceedings, in which to resume the life from which the voice of the principal speaker had rapt her with a magical power. Her presence at the Institution Sports was so far an accident that it had been idly decided upon only the previous evening, when an officer of the Eastwich garrison, Rupert Merriman, with his wife, had been dining with her in Chelsea. She had agreed to return with them on the following day, and to accompany them to an afternoon that promised to be amusing, and that would, without doubt, be picturesque. Eva had welcomed the idea of a day out of town, spent in pleasant companionship, and had not

troubled herself to consult the *Morning Post* as to the details of the reception, nor to inquire whom she was to see as chief patron of the quasi-military sports.

“Some Colonial boss or other,” Rupert had observed, “would smile upon the scene as the Duke could not come. Some old square-toes the Commandant had wheedled into doing the compliments, and talking the platitudes that had to be done.” Major Merriman, despite field-rank and a dozen years of matrimony, was no older than he had been when Mrs. Trevanion had made herself happy over the success of his suit of Eva. The complete and sudden failure of her scheme had at the time been a grievance, and Rupert’s ready consolation, by a far handsomer woman than her niece, had for some years been a source of irritation ; but neither feeling was shared by Eva. She was one of those rare women who can love a lover and keep him as a friend. Their rivals are apt to challenge the genuineness of such love as they inspire ; and if love is to be regarded only as a passion, it is probable they are justified in refusing to recognise such affection by its name. But affection that lives on in friendship would have developed into a longer, stronger, tenderer love than much of that which romancers describe, if it had been fostered by close association. Rupert Merriman fell head over ears in love with the woman he married, as he had never done with Eva ; but his feeling for her was the same as before, and that for his handsome wife had in the meantime undergone half-a-dozen vicissitudes of degree. At present she ruled his easy nature wholesomely, if a little tyrannously, and the suggestion of the Eastwich invitation had originated with Mrs. Merriman. Rupert was on duty all the morning, and they had lunched late and sauntered over from the barracks long after the proceedings had commenced, when the little party had slipped into their places with the subtlety that is the only possible merit left to unpunctuality. Eva and Mrs. Merriman had exchanged glances

of commiseration on finding the speeches unconcluded ; but five minutes later all sense of tedium or sleepiness, of heat, of time itself, left Eva in the sound of a voice she had not heard since her girlhood.

She looked up quickly. There, close above her, clear even to her short sight, was the face that represented all of the past that she had retained through the years that had followed it. It was the face she had last seen in the subdued light of a Selsington drawing-room, handsome, and young, and eloquent, though strained by the agitation of a strong effort ; the face that had looked down upon her from the Academy walls in a crisis of feeling that she had never ventured to dwell upon—the self-same face, though it was now set and squared, harder in outline, and with no definite expression except one of untiring energy. That expression seemed to govern all the features, even the eyes which had been so soft, and which the gloom of remorse had not been altogether able to deprive of tenderness. Had the tenderness left them for good ? Eva sat and watched the face above the level of her own until she saw in it again the Philibert of years gone by, and heard in the quiet, penetrating tones, a phrase of long ago : "The only one for whose opinion I care." And that had been she ; and this orator, this ruler of men's opinions, this representative of England's sovereignty—a new creation, a distinct impersonation—had been he, the Philibert who had loved and pleaded, had besought her indulgence, had begged for her forgiveness. He was here, within a few feet of her, within sight of her, within hearing, almost within touch. Oh, mockery of fact that is unreality ! What is real, the present or the past ? The past, which influences every word spoken, every thought acted out, every intention formed ; or the present, the intangible, untenable, ungovernable present, with which we can do nothing, in which we are helpless, through which we only live as the issue of the past, as its children, its babes, as what it has made us, unknow-

ing what we are. How can that be real which we cannot use or grasp? and how can the past be real which has slipped from us and leaves us—us two—who were together, apart, who loved one another, separated, who knew each the other's secret, estranged? Which is real, the past of his crime and my love, or the present of his power and my middle-age? Surely the past; the past in which I am now, wherever I may appear to be: not the present, not the voice to which I think I am listening, the face which I think I am watching; they are only mirrors, unrealities through which I look to see the actual—the past.

And then there was a sudden pause, and for one moment—one year—one age—Philibert Rayner's eyes looked down into Eva's again, and the past and the present were the same.

"A trifle slow, this, eh?" asked Major Merriman an hour later, as he leaned over the back of Eva's chair, where she sat watching the third heat of an over-filled hurdle-race.

"Is it?" she returned smiling. Eva was surrounded by boys presented to her by a young cousin, and had heard a great deal of the details of the event then proceeding and of those that were to come. Her own affairs she always said were so commonplace that those of all other people seemed interesting; and the immediate result was that no one gave Miss Shaw the opportunity of being bored, for that requires leisure.

"Beastly slow, I call it," Rupert said. "Look here, you wanted to see the Library; why not slip away now? Alice is going back to the F. O. quarters with someone or other, and she can give us tea there if you like."

"Thanks; I could come now if you cared," Eva said, rising; "but I want to be back for the menagerie race. I promised to harness the mongoose."

"It's the mongander," interpolated a young admirer; "he bites everyone, and Miss Shaw said ——"

Rupert laughed. "On my word, Barton, that's civil to a lady. He bites everyone else, and so Miss Shaw —"

"Things have a knack of not biting me," Eva explained, "so I promised to try."

"Well, let us get away now, then," said the gunner, consulting his watch.

"You won't be late, Miss Shaw? Promise."

"I promise," Eva said, with the smile the boys trusted, and then she left the grounds and walked across a corner of the common with her companion towards the barracks. The long range of their front seemed deserted, all the noise, and life, and stir was left behind; and the regulation sentries, with two or three figures seen through the arched gateway of the stables, only added to the sense of solitude. Eva and her companion paced along the broad flagged path that bordered the façade, until they came to the colonnade that fronts the rooms best known to visitors. In the vestibule Major Merriman was stopped. A waiter came to him from the direction of the mess-room, where the table was being prepared for a guest night, and begged his presence there for a few minutes. Rupert excused himself to his companion, and asked her to wait for him, promising to return shortly.

"Don't go beyond the top of the stairs," he said, "and I can't miss you."

Eva waited. A pretty girl and a young man, obviously her brother, were the only occupants of the hall. She went as far as the foot of the staircase, and stood there looking at them idly. She had put the thought of Philibert away from her with his descent from the platform. He had been lost to her sight in the considerable crowd, and, after her recovery from the shock of their mutual recognition, she had avoided all retrospection. Now her thoughts were with a prospective engagement that had given her some trouble in arrangement; and if her face looked grave as she leaned against the carved edge of the

balustrade, it was only from a passing thought of weariness at society and its incessant claims. Eva was a rich woman, and externally independent; but independence is nominally in those whose sense of duty leads them to see in wealth a stewardship of things not their own. The gentle-mannered, sweet-voiced Eva of Selsington days, whom people thought easy of influence and wanting in character, had developed into an uncommon social type. She was possessed of no striking accomplishments, and had no especial strength of brain or individuality of taste to mark her in society, only a singular perfection of tact. The few who knew her best called her a Saint; to her outer circle she was merely a graceful woman of the world, well dressed, charming in manner, and never in a hurry; to her relations a kind and generous hostess; and to the poor, whom she cared for rather individually than collectively, an unfailing friend. Strangers never turned to look at her, nor, at a first meeting, unless they chanced to be susceptible to a voice, were struck by her: but friendships with Eva were made for life, and love for Eva was love till death.

The boy and girl near her appeared to be tired of their position.

"One would think they would never come," she said, in the high-pitched voice that is just now the A B C of smartness. "I shan't wait more than five minutes longer."

"I thought you wanted to see the man so much," the other returned, "or I should not have let myself be dragged all this way to please you."

"I do want to see him near; all the world is talking of him, and it's such an opportunity."

"Well, you must be patient; he's bound to be here soon, and you'll get your bow if you care for one. I don't see what there is so wonderful about him myself."

"He's awfully handsome, George."

"So are other men—look at Tip Featherston."

"Well, it's not only that—he's interesting."

"Because he's a bachelor."

"Oh, George! He's ever so old—forty-five at least."

"He's all that."

"And didn't you know he'd had a disappointment when he was young—a disappointment with a story?"

"They say that of every man who doesn't marry; as if every man was obliged to marry."

"Most of them do, George. But then there are the roses. Do you know, he's never seen without a yellow rose in his button-hole, whatever the season. I read that in *Libel*—he's the man there this week."

"Yellow roses are unlucky."

"Are they? Who says so?"

"Any actor will tell you so, and a great many more people."

"I wonder why—perhaps that's why he never smiles. They say Lord Standragon never smiles."

"He's smiling now, then!" The subaltern turned triumphantly to his sister, as two men came up the flight of steps between the pillars of the colonnade, and into the hall.

Lord Standragon's face, and that of his companion, an officer in undress uniform, were indistinct against the strong light of the background, but their figures were sharply defined as they came into the hall and crossed it towards the foot of the grand staircase. Philibert carried his head high, and walked with a vigour of step that suggested the ring of spurs. He dwarfed his companion, who was above the middle height, but wanting in the undefinable quality which our forefathers called "presence," and which Philibert possessed.

The officer nodded to the young gunner, and bowed to his sister, and Philibert raised his hat to her, and then passed straight on to where Eva was standing. Her companions' words had warned Eva of his approach, and she stood waiting for him at the stair-foot with a dignity in her pose that would have

become a hostess receiving a distinguished guest. Philibert took off his hat to her, but he did not replace it, holding it in his left hand, as with his right he took the one she held out to him. To the bystanders it had the effect of an expected meeting. Colonel James was puzzled at an incident outside his calculations, while the subaltern and his sister looked on as at a peep behind the scenes of the drama.

"It is a great pleasure to see you," Lord Standragon said, as he bowed over the hand he held, and then, when Eva had returned his greeting, he presented his companion.

"Perhaps," Eva said, after the customary formalities had been exchanged, "Colonel James will be so very kind as to remind Major Merriman I am waiting?" and she added, turning to him, "I think you may find him in the messroom, he went there a few minutes ago."

Colonel James had no choice but to obey the suggestion, however little he might like his sudden supersession in the command, and he retired with what grace he could.

Philibert stood looking down at Eva. "I knew you at once," he said; "you are just the same as ever."

Eva accepted the sentence in his own spirit.

"I should be very glad to think I had not changed to you," she answered; and then she added, raising her eyes to his with a smile, "in more than twenty years."

"Not a whit, not a line," Philibert said slowly; "and I have changed so much that it needs the sight of you as you are to make me sure of my own identity."

"I knew you," Eva said hastily.

"You—yes, you always knew me," he said, as if thinking aloud; "knew me as I was, not as I am," he added, watching her face.

"Yes, yes," she cried. "Isn't that the value of old friendship, that we can see each other as we were when, to those outside, we are different people, a new development?"

Philibert turned his head away and looked out beyond the pillars of the portico into the sunny afternoon. Eva was silent, trying to retain composure.

"And yet you knew me worse than others thought me," her companion said presently, without withdrawing his eyes from the sunlight glow. "Don't think I am the same as then," he added, after another pause; "the same I should have been without your influence, your help."

"My help?" Eva asked.

"Your help," he said, and turned to her again, "which has never left me, even when I believed—as I did for years, as I did in a measure until to-day—that I existed in your memory only as a blot."

"Ah, why?" Eva questioned sadly. "Didn't you know that a trust given can never be taken back? How can one oneself? It must live whatever happens. How could you help be different to me only because you had told me of your——?"

"Crime," Philibert finished; then added, "just because I had told you, and saw the look in your face when you realised it."

"But after that; how could you tell—though to me it seems inevitable—after that, when I knew your secret and what you must suffer, and suffered with you—ah! don't you see?"

"You could hardly love me still. It is strange to believe; can you say it is true?"

"Yes, I may say so now, after these years. It was love, and what is love for but to help with, and sympathise with, and to pray with——"

"And to be loaded, being innocent, with the sins of others?" Philibert asked, almost bitterly.

"Yes—that is love," Eva exclaimed.

There was again a pause, and on the silence that seemed to both of them only then to have fallen upon the hall, the foot-

steps of Colonel James and Major Merriman struck suddenly as they stepped on to the flags.

Philibert spoke again, this time more quickly, and as he did so looked down steadily into the face beneath him :

“ And you add that love does not die ? ”

“ Not true love , ” Eva answered, “ ever ! ”

AMES SAVILE.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THIS is good to go, now and again—let the American phrase be permitted—“back of” some of our contemporaries. We never desired them as coevals. We never wished to share an age with them ; we share nothing else with them. And we deliver ourselves from them by passing, in literature, into the company of an author who wrote before their time, and yet is familiarly modern. To read Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, then, is to go behind the New Humorist—into a time before he was, or his Humour. Obviously we go in like manner behind many another, but the funny writer of the magazines is suggested because in reference to him our act has a special significance. We connect him with Dr. Holmes by a reluctant ancestry, by an impertinent descent. It may be objected that such a connexion is but a trivial thing to attribute, as a conspicuous incident, to a man of letters. So it is. But the triviality has wide allusions. It is often a question which of several significant trivialities a critic shall choose in his communication with a reader who does not insist that all the grave things shall be told him. And, by the way, are we ever sufficiently grateful for that reader, whom the last few years have given to us, or to whom we have been given by the last few years ? A trivial connexion has remote and negative issues. To go to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's period is to get rid of many things ; to go to himself is especially to get rid of the New Humour, yet to stand at its unprophetic source. And we love such authors as Dickens and this American for their own sake, refusing to be aware of their

corrupt following. We would make haste to ignore their posterity, and to assure them that we absolve them from any fault of theirs in the bastardy.

Humour is the most conspicuous thing in the world, which must explain why the little humour in "Elsie Venner" and the "Breakfast Table" series is not only the first thing the critic touches, but the thing whereby he relates this author to his following and to the world. The young man John, Colonel Sprowle with his "social entertainment," the Landlady and her daughter, and the Poor Relation, almost make up the sum of the comic personages, and fifty per cent. of the things they say—no more—are good enough to remain after the bloom of their vulgarity has worn off. But that half is excellent, keen, jolly, temperate; and because of that temperance—the most stimulating and fecundating of qualities—the humour of it has set the literature of a hemisphere to the tune of mirth. Like Mr. Lowell's it was humour in dialect—not Irish dialect nor Negro, but American; and it made New England aware of her comedy. Until then she had felt within herself that there was nothing to laugh at. "Nature is in earnest when she makes a woman," says Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Rather, she takes herself seriously when she makes the average spiritual woman: as seriously as that woman takes herself when she makes a novel. And in a like mood Nature made New England and endowed her with purpose, with mortuary frivolities, with long views, with energetic provincialism.

If we remember best "The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay," we do so in spite of the religious and pathetic motive of the greater part of Dr. Holmes's work, and of his fancy, which should be at least as conspicuous as his humour. It is fancy rather than imagination; but it is more perfect, more definite, more fit, than the larger art of imagery, which is apt to be vague, because it is intellectual and adult. No grown man makes quite so definite mental images as does a child; when the mind ages it thinks

stronger thoughts in vaguer pictures. The young mind of Dr. Holmes has less intellectual imagination than intelligent fancy. For example: "If you ever saw a crow with a king-bird after him, you will get an image of a dull speaker and a lively listener. The bird in sable plumage flaps heavily along his straightforward course, while the other sails round him, over him, under him, leaves him, comes back again, tweaks out a black feather, shoots away once more, never losing sight of him, and finally reaches the crow's perch at the same time the crow does ;" but the comparison goes on after this at needless length, with explanations. Again : "That blessed clairvoyance which sees into things without opening them : that glorious license which, having shut the door and driven the reporter from the keyhole, calls upon Truth, majestic Virgin ! to get off from her pedestal and drop her academic *poses*." And this, of the Landlady : "She told me her story once ; it was as if a grain that had been ground and bolted had tried to individualise itself by a special narrative." "The riotous tumult of a laugh, which, I take it, is the mob-law of the features." "Think of the Old World—that part of it which is the seat of ancient civilisation ! . . . A man cannot help marching in step with his kind in the rear of such a procession." "Young folk look on a face as a unit ; children who go to school with any given little John Smith see in his name a distinctive appellation." And that exquisitely sensitive passage on the nervous outward movement and the inward tranquillity of the woods. Such things are the best this good author gives us, whether they go gay with metaphor, or be bare thoughts shapely with their own truth.

Part of the charm of Dr. Holmes's comment on life, and of the phrase wherein he secures it, arises from his singular vigilance. He has unpreoccupied and alert eyes. Strangely enough, by the way, this watchfulness is for once as much at fault as would be the slovenly observation of an ordinary man, in the description of a horse's gallop, "skimming along within

a yard of the ground." Who shall trust a man's nimble eyes after this, when habit and credulity have taught him? Not an inch nearer the ground goes the horse of fact at a gallop than at a walk. But Dr. Holmes's vigilance helps him to somewhat squalid purpose in his studies of New England inland life. Much careful literature besides has been spent, after the example of "Elsie Venner" and the "Autocrat," upon the cottage worldliness, the routine of abundant and common comforts achieved by a distressing household industry, the shrillness, the unrest, the best-parlour emulation, the ungraceful vanity, of Americans of the country-side and the country town; upon their affections made vulgar by undemonstrativeness, and their consciences made vulgar by demonstrativeness—their kindness by reticence, and their religion by candour.

As for the question of heredity and of individual responsibility which Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes proposes in "Elsie Venner," it is strange that a man whom it had sincerely disquieted should present it—not in its own insolubility, but—in caricature. As though the secrets of the inherited body and soul needed to be heightened by a bit of burlesque physiology! It is in spite of our protest against the invention of Elsie's horrible plight—a conception and invention which Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes should have felt to be essentially frivolous—that the serpent-maiden moves us deeply by her last "Good night," and by the gentle phrase that tells us "Elsie wept." But if Dr. Holmes had succeeded in proposing the question of separate responsibility so as to convince every civilised mind of his doubts, there would be curiously little change wrought thereby in the discipline of the world. For Dr. Holmes incidentally lets us know that he cherishes and values the instinct of intolerance and destructiveness in presence of the cruel, the self-loving, and the false. Negation of separate moral responsibility, when that negation is tempered by a working instinct of intolerance and destructiveness, will deal with the felon, after all, very much in

the manner achieved by the present prevalent judicialness, unscientific though it may be. And to say this is to confess that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has worked, through a number of books, to futile purpose. His books are justified by something quite apart from his purpose.

ALICE MEYNELL.

*The Blessed Damozel.**

THE blessed Damozel leaned out
 From the gold bar of Heaven :
 Her blue grave eyes were deeper much
 Than a deep water, even.
 She had three lilies in her hand,
 And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
 No wrought flowers did adorn,
 But a white rose of Mary's gift
 On the neck meetly worn ;
 And her hair, lying down her back,
 Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day
 One of God's choristers ;
 The wonder was not yet quite gone
 From that still look of hers ;
 Albeit to them she left, her day
 Had counted as ten years.

* The most famous poem of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, "The Blessed Damozel," was first published in 1850, in *The Germ*. The only four numbers of that little magazine, scarcely sought for at the time, are now possessions which fetch their weight in gold. For the sake of admirers of "The Blessed Damozel," who have no access to *The Germ*, we reproduce the poem in the form in which it was first given to the world by Rossetti.

(To one it is ten years of years :
 . . . Yet now, here in this place,
 Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
 Fell all about my face. . . .
 Nothing : the Autumn-fall of leaves.
 The whole year sets apace.)

It was the terrace of God's house
 That she was standing on,—
 By God built over the sheer depth
 In which Space is begun ;
 So high, that looking downward thence,
 She could scarce see the sun.

It lies from Heaven across the flood
 Of ether, as a bridge.
 Beneath, the tides of day and night
 With flame and blackness ridge
 The void, as low as where this earth
 Spins like a fretful midge.

But in those tracts, with her, it was
 The peace of utter light
 And silence. For no breeze may stir
 Along the steady flight
 Of seraphim ; no echo there,
 Beyond all depth of height.

Heard hardly, some of her new friends,
 Playing at holy games,
 Spake, gentle-mouthing, among themselves,
 Their virginal chaste names ;
 And the souls, mounting up to God,
 Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself, and stooped
 Into the vast waste calm ;
Till her bosom's pressure must have made
 The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
 Along her bended arm.

From the fixt lull of Heaven, she saw
 Time, like a pulse, shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove,
 In that steep gulph, to pierce
The swarm : and then she spake, as when
 The stars sang in their spheres.

“ I wish that he were come to me,
 For he will come,” she said.
“ Have I not prayed in solemn Heaven ?
 On earth, has he not prayed ?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength ?
 And shall I feel afraid ?

“ When round his head the aureole clings,
 And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand, and go with him
 To the deep wells of light,
And we will step down as to a stream
 And bathe there in God's sight.

“ We two will stand beside that shrine,
 Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps tremble continually
 With prayer sent up to God ;
And where each need, revealed, expects
 Its patient period.

“ We two will lie i’ the shadow of
 That living mystic tree
 Within whose secret growth the Dove
 Sometimes is felt to be,
 While every leaf that His plumes touch
 Saith His name audibly.

“ And I myself will teach to him—
 I myself, lying so,—
 The songs I sing here ; which his mouth
 Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
 Finding some knowledge at each pause
 And some new thing to know.”

(Alas ! to *her* wise simple mind
 These things were all but known
 Before : they trembled on her sense,—
 Her voice had caught their tone.
 Alas for lonely Heaven ! Alas
 For life wrung out alone !

Alas, and though the end were reached ? . . .
 Was *thy* part understood
 Or borne in trust ? And for her sake
 Shall this too be found good ?—
 May the close lips that knew not prayer
 Praise ever, though they would ?)

“ We two,” she said, “ will seek the groves
 Where the lady Mary is,
 With her five handmaidens, whose names
 Are five sweet symphonies :—
 Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
 Margaret, and Rosalys.

“ Circle-wise sit they, with bound locks
And bosoms covered ;
Into the fine cloth, white like flame,
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robes for them
Who are just born, being dead.

“ He shall fear haply, and be dumb.
Then I will lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak :
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

“ Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round Whom all souls
Kneel—the unnumber’d solemn heads
Bowed with their aureoles :
And Angels, meeting us, shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.

“ There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me :—
To have more blessing than on earth
In nowise ; but to be
As then we were—being as then
At peace. Yea, verily.

“ Yea, verily ; when he is come
We will do thus and thus :
Till this my vigil seem quite strange
And almost fabulous ;
We two will live at once, one life ;
And peace shall be with us.”

She gazed, and listened, and then said,
 Less sad of speech than mild ;
"All this is when he comes." She ceased :
 The light thrilled past her, filled
With Angels, in strong level lapse.
 Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their flight
 Was vague 'mid the poised spheres.
And then she cast her arms along
 The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
 And wept. (I heard her tears.)

DANTE G. ROSSETTI.

A German Battle Painter.

GERMANS have complained, with some reason, that before 1870 universally, and since then in a great measure, their painters have neglected the national history. While Frenchmen, under the inspiration of the wars of the first Napoleon, were forming their great school of battle painting, Teutonic Art was obstinately occupied with Trojans and other heroes of the far antique. This was true of historical painting, especially as displayed in national and monumental and civic decoration ; in genre there has almost always prevailed in German Art a *contemporary* spirit, a homely liking for actuality, which gave to pictures of this class a truer—albeit a humbler—vitality. German life among the people was painted in cabinet pictures, while the gods and Titans contended in the frescoes of the national galleries. But since 1870 there has been a change. The victors in the great struggle took a lesson from the vanquished. For the French, who had the failure of war to treat, far from shrinking from its presentment in Art, developed their school of military painting in a manner that might almost indemnify them for their defeat. The triumph and caracolling and the glory of Horace Vernet were indeed past and gone, but the pathos of loss and disaster produced the newer and far more human realistic French Art, which is emphatically the Art of

our day, and which has set an example to the world. There has been in the study of the events of 1870 and 1871 a whole education for French painters. Moreover, other things besides Art have been served. Love of country has surely gained more by De Neuville's notes of French bivouacs in the snows than by Vernet's boastings in the galleries of Versailles. And Art was intimately concerned in 1870, for it was in taking their own personal part in the defence of Paris that the painters of the realistic school found out what painting could do with the by-ways and incidents and fringe of battle. The Germans had not the pathetic and artistic advantage of defeat. The war left them in the inevitable though unacknowledged bitterness of enormous victory. Does not Mr. Coventry Patmore make a successful lover indefinitely envious of his rival's generosity and sorrow? "If fortune had made me as unfortunate," he murmurs, "I had been as great." Nevertheless, the vast effort of Teutonism in the war inspired Teutonic Art to become national. And the man was there with the hour, for Anton von Werner became the German painter of 1870.

The essentially German characteristics of Werner's genius add greatly to the interest attaching to the fact that he has made historically German subjects his own. The kind of intelligence with which he renders the scene which he has witnessed or strongly imagined is Teutonic in its deliberateness, and yet full of the faculty of observation. He knows how to render, with fine watchfulness, the accidental actions and expressions which give to a scene from life all its vitality. Belonging to an intellectual nation, he lets his thoughtfulness inform his whole work, but he never permits it to take the place of that power of right seeing which is the painter's one chief force. It has remained unfortunately the characteristic of the English school that our painters present a scene as it might be supposed, by a kind of traditional imagination, to have occurred; whereas the Continental schools of to-day all aim at presenting it either as it actually was, by veri-

fication, or as it must have been, according to the closely-watched and verified characters of the actors. The distinction is extremely simple and elementary, but it remains clear after very much criticism has had its say. It is not for nothing that the nations of the Continent, however differing in race, have frontiers easily passed, while England is "walled with seas." We feel less of the contemporary movements in Art than is felt abroad, and our kinsmen, the Germans, get more of Latin example and habits in Art than we catch in England. Verification and observation, and the practice of the faculty of seeing pictorially, are more found with the meditative German than with the Englishman of mingled mind. The old satire as to the Teuton's evolving the camel from the depth of his moral consciousness, does not hold good in modern painting ; he has learnt the objective methods, and uses his eyes to good purpose. Assuredly, no accusation against Werner could be more unjust than that of a lack of actuality or of outward study of the matter in hand.

Werner is no painter of the panorama of battles. He is a military painter, inasmuch as he is most thoroughly informed with military spirit, and because he treats the politics of war with generals and marshals for the diplomats. To such an artist Sedan, with its memorable events, was rich in subjects. Especially is the quiet significance and force of deliberative meetings by the battlefield worthy of his peculiar capacity. Accordingly, his greatest pictures deal with the "Negotiations of Surrender," and with the coming together of Napoleon and Bismarck on the morning after the battle.

In the first instance we have a scene of deliberation, almost of silence. Nevertheless, it is the evening of the 1st of September. The battle, called the Battle of Sedan—a series of quickly-following and furious engagements—began before six o'clock on the autumn morning of the day just closed, with a cannonade six miles long, which shook the mists from the

September fields. By four in the afternoon the surrounded armies of France had taken shelter under the fortresses of Sedan; twenty minutes later the city was shelled and burning, and the villages of the plain were going up in flames together. Bismarck, at the King of Prussia's side, has watched the long day's fighting from the hill of Chevence; and now he sits to receive from the hands of Wimpffen the capitulation of four thousand officers, fourteen thousand wounded, and eighty-three thousand fighting men; the hosts of the dead alone escape surrender. The presence of the soldier Moltke dominates the little assembly, as he stands up by the table with the lamplight striking upwards on the tense lines of his face. As a portrait, this is beyond question a masterpiece. Bismarck sits in a kind of presidential place, in stable repose and thought. Behind him General von Podbielski stands watchfully; and between him and Moltke, Graf Nostitz takes notes in his pocket-book. Five other staff officers stand by, erect and solid as a wall; and a sixth sits at the farther side of the table in an excellently real and natural attitude. The whole group is a study of expression, but of expression so undemonstrative that it has negative qualities, true to life and rare in Art. It is only in Moltke's face and bearing—he has evidently just spoken—that the artist has allowed himself to render activity or vivacity. In the other faces there is a calm which implies the whole history of the day just closed. Yet with a fine and natural tact Werner has abstained from making these faces express even a forbearance from triumph. No one, however, could doubt that these are the victors in one of the battles of the world. Nor in the opposite group of French officers has he yielded to any temptation towards sentiment or drama. The French character is naturally allowed to make more sign of emotion, but this is very restrained and moderate. General Wimpffen, to whom the command of the wounded MacMahon had passed, and to whom the Emperor had referred the request for surrender,

rises from the table. He has given the formal reply that the fortress and the force are in the hands of the Prussian King. And the burden of the task that falls to him—the beaten general of France—bends his figure as by a stroke. General Faure keeps his seat. The other officers are erect, with a little more spring in their bearing and fire in their glances than belong to the German. But beyond all mistake this is a group of defeated generals, with the country in flames behind them.

Werner's admirable draughtsmanship tells well in these soldiers' figures. For no artist not exceptionally strong in drawing should attempt war, whether in its activities or in its deliberations, or even in its politics. Obviously a figure in fighting action requires the utmost power and the utmost knowledge of a painter for the rendering of forms in strenuous attitude and in movement. But hardly less is sure force of drawing needed in repose—certainly it is indispensable. A thought of weakness in the artist's pencil would indefinitely destroy the dignity of the soldier, even if the figure were nobly conceived and of noble form. The precision of drawing must be in the very technique, in the quality of the line—going beyond mere correctness. And this grasp in draughtsmanship—this power of taking hold by the stroke—is unfortunately rare in England, simply because our painters have so generally neglected the study of organic line, just as they have neglected that of organic touch in the painting. For instance, with regard to this matter of painting, Sir John Millais produces his solidity of flesh and form—and wonderfully produces it—by touches which are in themselves without definite unity of intention. French critics at the International Exhibitions were astonished at such a manner, and at the results produced in spite of it. With them every touch is vitally part of a whole, of a system, or, as we have called it, an organism.

In the "Meeting of Bismarck and Napoleon at Donchéry," also, Werner chose a grave historical moment, and presented

it with the quiet simplicity of fact. It might have been wished that the figure of the defeated Emperor—who has now long passed into history—had been more prominent, especially as he does not appear in the other scene of the surrender. But only a German could have rendered the figure of Bismarck riding alone to his business. De Neuville and others have studied the German, political and military, but have not forborne the touch of Gallic feeling which emphasised, if it did not altogether exaggerate, the subject. Or, at least, it may be said that the French painters studied the Teuton as a curiosity. That famous commandant who is ordering the bombardment of the church of Le Bourget is a German in every line and accent, but a German with a Frenchman behind him observing the movements of his arm and the flushing of his stout neck and the fit of his uniform. It is impossible to call that memorable figure a caricature, but impossible also not to conclude “an enemy hath done this,” and a defeated enemy. Werner, in painting Bismarck, paints from within the pale of the Fatherland, yet he keeps an observant eye upon the peculiarities which are familiar to him—as genius has a faculty of doing. The scene has a perfect completeness, even to the suggestion of the single wire of telegraph which has sent the news of the Battle of Sedan to the four corners of the world. It is early morning of the 2nd of September. The capitulation has been virtually consummated, and King William has received by the hands of Napoleon’s own Adjutant-General, Reille, the letter: “Not having been able to die at the head of my troops, I lay my sword before your Majesty.”

And the old King goes on with the narrative: “My answer was that I deplored the manner of our meeting, and begged that a plenipotentiary might be sent with whom we might conclude the capitulation. After I had given the letter to Reille, I spoke a few words with him as an old acquaintance; and so this act ended. I gave Moltke power to negotiate, and directed Bismarck

to remain behind in case political questions should arise. I then rode to my carriage and drove here (Vendresse), greeted every-where along the road with the loud hurrahs of the trains that were marching up and singing the National Anthem." So the meeting of the two monarchs is not yet, and it is left to Bismarck to speak first to the Emperor. They meet, as Werner shows them, by Donchéry, and finish their talk in the empty village street, at the deserted door of a weaver's shop. It is from the Chancellor that we have an account of that talk. "The great point of the conversation was peace, but, as far as His Imperial Majesty was concerned, no assurance of it could be obtained. The Emperor stated that he had no power. He could not negotiate a peace; he could not give orders to the army nor to Marshal Bazaine; the Empress was Regent of France, and on her and on her Ministers must devolve negotiations. Count Bismarck thereupon remarked that it was of no avail to hold any further conversation on political matters with His Majesty, and that it would be of no use to see the King. The Emperor desired to see the King in person, but Count Bismarck declared that it was not possible to accede to His Majesty's wish until the capitulation had been signed. 'Then, as the conversation was becoming rather dangerous, and as the situation was growing difficult, we ended it.'" Truly enough did Napoleon declare that he could not speak for France. Four days later his Regent and her Ministers were in flight from Paris, and the war was in the desperate hands of the Republic.

So far we have seen Werner in his pictures, when his studies must needs be arranged and ordained according to the laws of composition and other pictorial necessities. But Werner is also well worthy of study in his sketches, whether these are the mere jottings of his note-book or studies for his pictures. He has sketched the Sedan negotiations, with the principal figures in the same places and poses, but with the backward standing groups rather differently disposed. Here, too, Bismarck

is in the chair, Moltke standing at his right, giving the soldier's opinion and announcing the soldier's terms of capitulation, while the Chancellor holds himself in reserve for the possible political questions alluded to by the King. Here, too, General Wimpffen, the French general with the German name, rises from his gloomy work at the table, a dignified but broken man, and General Faure sits in passive grief at his side. All the accessories of the room are the same. Another sketch, which looks like a study for a picture, shows a ceremony at the golden wedding of the Emperor (William I.) and Empress of Germany. The Pomeranian deputation are presenting their address through the hands of the Crown Prince (Frederick), who kneels before his father and mother. The throne of the Imperial couple is surrounded by the hosts of the German house—the grey-haired daughter who watches her own child clasping her little ones within her arm; children and children-in-law and grandchildren so many and so various in age that the generations dovetail in a manner distracting to anyone excepting the courtier born. It is a scene of state in the most patriarchal Court in the world; a homely family keeping its festival among the Ministers and generals of the most massive empire of the modern world.

In a sketch of the Berlin Congress Englishmen must be specially interested, inasmuch as their own representative is so easily recognisable in the assembly whence he brought home peace with honour. The drawing is full of vivacity and movement. And, indeed, Werner is an excellent sketcher; his rapid touch is never given, however carelessly, in unpleasant lines. And no sensitive critic fails to see the difference between a pleasant and an inelegant touch even in the roughest note-taking. The pages from Werner's sketch-book that have been reproduced are full of spirit and impulse—a rare merit for the sketching of so restrained a painter. And the quality of humour is by no means absent from his life-drawings of civil and military life—especially military. The patriotic respect which the painter of Sedan must

feel for his heroes has not dulled his sense of a certain human comedy which, pervading the world more or less as it does, is not conspicuously absent from the great armies of the Father-land.

FRANCIS PHILLIMORE.

A Talk with Archbishop Ireland.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND being one of the initiators of "the memorable evolution which draws the Church towards the acceptance of democratic institutions," a *Figaro* writer sought him out when he last passed through Paris, to learn, if he could, how the Archbishop "reconciles the eternal interests of the Church with the modern social revolution":

What do you think of the predictions of the Socialists? Do you believe that transformations in our social organism are near at hand? For instance, do you anticipate changes, more or less profound, of capital constantly increasing?

The transformation announced by the Socialists do not appear to me near or probable, at least, to the extent asserted by them. What is probable, what I desire to see realised as soon as possible, is an amelioration of the conditions of the labouring mass, their elevation, morally and intellectually as well as materially. This elevation, this amelioration, will have as its consequence the rise of Democracy and, in this sense, the disappearance of the reign of the bourgeoisie in its lower and higher degrees. This will happen without much resistance. As was well said by the Belgian statesman: "In our days, less than ever, does anyone remain stationary." As the age advances, some move toward reaction, others towards Democracy. Such is the evolution of the most eminent minds of our epoch. I have no pretension of comparing myself to them, but I am of the latter class, I have been, and so I shall remain. Observe, nevertheless, that a true Democracy does not exclude, but, on the contrary, supposes social influences. There will always be in society men of genius and talent, men of exalted character and remarkable

virtue, and these men will always exercise influence. Riches will have their influence always, and even too much. A society where social influences are weak, where legitimate natural influences are superseded by others, is one which is not in a normal condition. People in France make a mistake in speaking too much of the ruling classes : it is an unfortunate expression, which has awakened opposition ; if there are no ruling *classes* there are, and always will be, ruling *men*. I do not believe in an extreme concentration of wealth, in the sense, at least, that it will be possessed by a small number, to the exclusion of all others and of the masses. I believe, on the contrary, in a more general distribution of capital, in the sense that labourers, being better paid, more moral and better instructed, will be enabled to have their savings and to employ them for various purposes of their own. See what Leo XIII. says of the diffusion of property when speaking of capital. Without doubt, there will always be large fortunes ; but large fortunes are not an evil except when they are acquired by fraud and injustice : moreover, they are not incompatible in any country with small fortunes ; on the contrary, very often these small fortunes grow under the shelter of the large ones. It has been rightly said—nowhere are there more millionaires than in the United States, and nowhere fewer poor ; on the contrary, nowhere are there fewer millionaires than in Russia, and nowhere more poor. There will, therefore, always be great capitalists ; the great capitalists will always have influence, and this influence will naturally be augmented by associations ; but associations, in their turn, will protect the small capitalists—the workmen. Between the interests of the one and the other class, independently of moral or religious influences, there is, and will remain, the civil power, whose mission it is to frame wise laws which shall ensure the liberty, the rights, and the activity of all, especially of the weaker. In times of transition, however, these laws are not easily made. But that is something inherent in human nature.

You have been styled the Socialist Bishop. Do you accept this appellation and, in any case, do you believe that your ideas will be rejected by the Socialist schools ?

Let us understand one another. The word "Socialist" sounds bad, and before applying it to my ideas it should be defined. If by Socialists you understand those who are concerned with social needs and miseries, who desire to ameliorate the state of society, who demand, in view of such amelioration, not only the action

of individuals, the influence of voluntary associations, but also a reasonable intervention of the civil power—yes. I have Socialistic ideas in the same sense as Leo XIII. and so many noble French Catholics. But if by Socialist you understand those who share the theories of Marx, of Benoit, Malon, of G. de Greef, and others, theories which consist in a denial of the right of private property in land and the agencies of production—no, I have no Socialistic ideas. I have not the least doubt that my ideas will be rejected by the Socialistic sects; the greater number of their organs have expressed themselves fully on the subject when discussing Cardinal Manning and the more recent Encyclical of Leo XIII. Everywhere the sects of Socialism are opposed to the Christian social movement. In striving to eliminate the grievances of the labouring class, the Christian movement deprives sectarian Socialism of its reason for existence. This is not saying, however, that the promoters of the Christian social movement preach nothing but charity and resignation. Far from that, they preach, above all, right and justice; the *natural* right of labouring men: *complete* justice, social as well as individual. Justice is the foundation of societies, as it has been said. It is also the foundation of the economic order. Therefore, justice first; after justice, charity; charity is not to be substituted for justice; one is the complement of the other; where justice no longer obtains, charity intervenes. Doubtless our conception of life differs essentially from that of the materialists. Our reason and our faith teach us that the present life is a preparation for a better life. But for that reason we are by no means led to neglect material well-being. Material welfare does not constitute our end; it is the means. Its possession, to a reasonable degree, is of very high importance for the religious and moral life of man. With how many vices is not misery accompanied!

Do you concede as legitimate the actual aspirations of the masses towards absolute social equality? Do you believe that natural inequalities could be reconciled with social equality?

The aspirations of the masses towards social equality (I mean a reasonable equality) are perfectly legitimate. Social equality, after all, is nothing but the expression of equality from the point of view of the dignity of man and the dignity of the Christian. Care must, nevertheless, be taken that social equality is not opposed to a social hierarchy; relationship, services, authority, beget social rights and duties which are not the same for all; genius, talent, virtue, riches bring esteem, and give

certain moral pre-eminence which will always be admitted. This observation suffices to show that social equality can be reconciled perfectly with natural inequality. Natural inequality it that of intelligence, strength, health, etc. This inequality is more or less corrected by society, which protects the weak. The social hierarchy is a thing natural and indestructible ; what is not so natural, what can be abolished, is the too great distance between the extremes of this hierarchy ; it is not necessary that some should be so high and others so low.

Since you admit that societies can be transformed, do you think that the trilogy, family, religion, and property, should necessarily escape these transformations ? Is this trilogy immutable and pre-ordained by God as indispensable to all society ?

The action of Providence, which brings everything to its own purposes, does not impede the natural course of things, and does not suppress the liberty of man. Modifications in the forms of society are therefore possible, but family, religion, and property are essential elements of all human society. The family is its principle, religion is its crown, property (considered by itself independently of its variable forms) is a condition of life, of liberty, and of progress. The form of the family is determined by the very nature of man, his physical strength, his intellectual faculties, his sentiments and instincts, the characteristics of each sex ; and this form has been sanctioned by Christ. It will not change ; but that which is to be desired, that which is to be hoped for, is a more perfect realisation of this form, and this realisation cannot be obtained except through progressing morals, customs, and laws. Some have, especially in these latter years, made light of marriage ; they have even made light of Christian marriage. Let them please consider the fact, and ponder over the Encyclical of Leo XIII. on this truly fundamental matter. Likewise the form of religion, in a general manner, as to its object, as to its principal acts, is determined by nature ; it has been determined in a special and positive manner by Christ. A new form is, therefore, not to be expected ; but it is not forbidden to hope for a more complete comprehension, and more general and perfect realisation of the Christian idea, and consequently, a more potent influence of the Gospel over the life of individuals and of nations. Outside of Christianity new forms of religions may arise, like Mohammedanism ; but these forms, if they take hold of a fraction of humanity, will not be progress. As to the so-called new

Christianity, that will never, as has been said, be anything but an amateur religion. Property is an essential thing, but its forms have nothing absolute ; these depend upon the social, industrial, political, and moral status of people. The history of property has latterly, in France and elsewhere, much occupied the learned and erudite ; their researches cannot but throw light upon questions of social philosophy.

Amongst the possible modifications of property, which do you regard favourably ? What do you think of the Communist theory ?

The form of property has not been the same in all epochs, and even to-day it is not absolutely the same in all countries. What modifications are possible, useful, necessary, will depend upon the peculiar conditions of each people. Modifications of this kind are hardly effected by legislation except as it gives them a final sanction ; they operate slowly, through the change of customs and under the sway of circumstances. An example of such modifications is the introduction and disappearance of feudal property. The most desirable system of property seems to me to be that which will combine the following qualities : to stimulate human activity and individual effort by assuring to them a just reward ; to maintain the stability of the family ; and to favour an equitable distribution of the goods of this world. The Communist theory takes into account neither the nature of things nor the nature of man. Its realisation seems hardly possible to me, and if it were effected it would have none but fatal results to civilisation. Herbert Spencer recently showed it in the introduction which he wrote for the book, "The Man *versus* the State." Community of goods can exist (and with what difficulties !) among a certain number of men consecrated to celibacy and the service of God ; it could, perhaps, exist in a golden age or a state of innocence, but it hardly corresponds with the actual state of humanity at present. But, nevertheless, the movement now progressing includes very complex elements, of which one cannot judge in their ensemble from the point of view of morality and of civilisation. There are few theories, however false each one may be as a whole, which do not contain some elements of truth and justice ; and the errors which they contain are often the occasion which determines a more complete conception of the truth. Thus it cannot be denied that the Communist agitation has provoked a more adequate comprehension of certain social principles, and a more exact and profound feeling of social justice, and has led Governments

to adopt many good measures, which, without it, they would not have done.

What is the status of the Social Question in America? Where do you believe that Socialist theories have the best chance of realisation, in Europe or in the United States?

The Social Question exists in America. See upon this subject the book of Professor Ely, "The Labour Movement in America." In my opinion, the differences between our situation and that of Europe is this: The social movement manifests itself here, especially in our numerous and powerful labour associations. These associations have, as their chief aim, the maintenance of good wages; they are also concerned with the moral welfare of their members and with technical education. You know, too, that there are those who strive to maintain harmony between employers and employés, and to prevent strikes. I believe that there are hardly any Anarchists among the American people: there are few Communists, and the number of Collectivists cannot be great. Yet they have come to us, and they still come, especially from without; European immigration has brought us the principal contingent. The details furnished on this subject by Mr. Ely are very interesting. As to the agrarian movement of Henry George, it is far from being powerful. The Socialist theories seem to me to have much less chance of success in America than in Europe. First, the sense of personal dignity and responsibility, the spirit of enterprise and initiative are strongly developed in the American people; they love and appreciate personal liberty, and they respect law; now, these traits are surely not those which conduce to social disruption. Moreover, there is room here for all energies; work, if it is joined with morality, assures to all an honourable life, and permits a large number to rise; then, most Americans, being, as they say, children of their own labour, having gained their station by personal energy, often at the price of personal struggles, perils, and heroic sacrifices, are not themselves, nor are their children, much disposed to make common property of their goods, although they give largely to all useful work; they would defend their possessions with the same energy which they have exerted in acquiring them. On the other hand, certain causes, philosophical, moral, political, which, elsewhere, favour the development of Socialism, are hardly felt here; I allude especially to administrative centralisation, the minute interference of the Government in the affairs of citizens, to the military *régime*, to the traditions of rigid authority.

JULES HURET.

The Religious Rondeleer.

THE sonnet, though a form imported from Italy, has a classic place in English poetry :

With this key
Shakspere unlocked his heart. . . .
A glowworm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faëry-land
To struggle through dark ways ; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains, alas, too few !

And Wordsworth himself added to that glorious volume of sound, since enriched by the magic of Rossetti. The rondelet has not had quite so glorious a fate. It has proved itself to be a foreign form, not only in lineage, but also in a certain fantasy which the gravities of the English tongue refused at first to humour. But the modern minor poets have been at work to make English surprisingly pliant. The rondelet must be light before everything ; and, light in form, it has also been usually light in theme. But so long as fifty years ago an Englishman was at work with rondels, and with rondels that had the gravest of motives. We allude to Mr. J. R. Best, the son of Mr. Henry Best, an eminent Oxford convert to the Catholic Church some forty years before the Oxford Movement began. His son, the rondeleer—to use a phrase Mr. J. R. Best himself coined after the analogy of the sonneteer—went for his inspiration direct to some rondeaulx in a black letter French edition of 1527. The translations he made have a double interest therefore ; for

they represent to us the religious feeling of France during the sixteenth century, and the work of a pioneer among modern poets to mould the English language to rondeau form.

In these rondeaulx there is, of course, little display of real fancy or poetical imagery ; though on the whole they are not at all so extravagant as we might have expected from the chivalric era of Francis I. When love is not the subject, the rondeaulx are in general of a grave moralising character, sometimes treating us to a series of wise saws, formerly perhaps not so trite as they have now become. As the rondeau goes, the following specimen is remarkable at least for its earnestness of tone :

PAR TROP DE JOURS.

Too long, alas ! repentant now I know,
I wandered on in vice and tried to bow
 My mind to earth while leaving reason's way.
 But this the time, be this the happy day,
Whence o'er far different track my steps may go !
Each foolish joy, with which young bosoms glow,
Would still allure and still its promise show,
 While lingering on in unknown chains I lay
 Too long, alas !
Still did I follow, hope still beckon so,
Till thirty years were stamped upon my brow ;
 Then did that blessed one all soothing say,
 "Repent, dear friend, repent ! no more delay ;
For thou hast led this life of sin and woe,
 Too long, alas ! "

A series of equally serious rondeaulx, dealing with the seven deadly sins, is introduced to us by the following curious note of the translator :

To the English Protestant reader some explanation of the heading of this and the following pages may be acceptable. The Catholic Church has never, as such, and *ex cathedra*, described and defined its general and undisputed doctrines, either in any code of laws and belief, like the Thirty-nine Articles, for the guidance of men (and, at College, of infants,) or in shorter catechisms more peculiarly intended for the instruction of neophytes. Such catechisms have, however, always circulated

with the sanction and approbation of its pastors. Thus it appears that, three or four hundred years ago, when these rondeaulx were printed—and before our Parliament had, by law, established the present Anglican liturgy—certain catechisms were in use in the Christian and then unreformed world, which denounced certain vices under the epithet “deadly.” These little documents—unenrolled in any statute-book, unprotected even against alteration by any “Declaration” of the “Supreme Governour of the Church”—have yet maintained themselves in unchanged and unsforgotten simplicity, notwithstanding the successive origin, improvement, and establishment of the varying faiths around them: and, in the little catechism circulated at the present day in England with the approbation of the Catholic clergy, the same vices are held up to execration by the very same title as that under which the ancient rondeleer marshalls them; and the same virtues are recorded as being peculiarly contrary to those vices which the rondeleer has pourtrayed under that identical title. Thus does a power exist independently of the aid of legislation.

We select for quotation the rondeau on Gluttony, in which, though we shall not say it is written against the grain, we observe how slyly the complacency of the *bon vivant* peeps out from behind the solemn veil of the moralist :

The days speed on. Soon ev'ry pomp and boast
 Of ye whose hearts and souls in food are lost—
 Who on yourselves delicious care bestow—
 Soon will your boastful pomp be changed to woe.
 In your dear stomachs death will soon be host!—
 Those stomachs full of daintiest foods, of most
 Choice wines and fruits in luscious medley tost.
 But though you think not why 'tis so, nor how --
 The days speed on.
 The poor takes 'neath your cloth his wonted post :
 You, fat and dull, disdain him—all engrost
 By self, and let him die while meats o'erflow.
 Oh ! quickly hither turn your eyes, and know
 That, while you feast and love and drink and toast,
 The days speed on.

Having despatched the seven deadly sins, the rondeleer could do no less than devote an equal number of his verses to the contrary virtues. In these he shows himself of a right

courtly and gallant nature, and contrives with matchless ingenuity to make his muse do double duty. The name "Loise de Savoie," luckily containing neither more nor less than the precise number of thirteen letters, suggested to him the basis of an acrostic on each of the virtues in question, on the possession of all of which he compliments the fortunate bearer of the name aforesaid. Could flattery during life secure for its object reputation after death, how brightly would some great names shine which are now dimmed and dishonoured ; but alas ! the tinsel of adulation is soon tarnished in the breath of time. Thus it has fared with Louisa of Savoy.

This lady, the mother of Francis I., was one of those women who spring up at intervals to make the world stare. Many wise philosophers have been puzzled in attempting to account for the super-*male* energy often exhibited by heroines of this class ; but they have overlooked a truth that "sweet woman loves her will," and gives effect to it with an engrossing singleness. We take the rondeau on Temperance, because while it is at least as good as any of the others, it is also the proper companion to that on Gluttony, and, above all, it celebrates perhaps the only virtue of the seven to which Louisa's claim seems to have been just :

Like some fair mirror where thy sex might see
Of every virtue the clear harmony,

I gaze on thee in whom I find no blame.

Sober—retiring—and most virtuous dame.

Esteemed—in whose high praises all agree,
Divine perfection God did blend in thee,
Exquisite morals, sense, calm dignity.

So mark I thy staid soul and beaming frame
Like some fair mirror.

All rash excess will modest Temperance flee.

Vainly would bloated envious Gluttony

Of aught unworthy taint thy honoured name.

Invincible the heart where reason's flame

Exists : 'twill image truth's fair tracery
Like some fair mirror.

Since the translator has humoured the roundeleer so far as to present us with his acrostics, he might have gone a little farther in his pains and used the English name of the lady, which contains just the proper number of letters.

PHILIP HEMANS.

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